

Cut.



London.
Printed for Henry Brome.

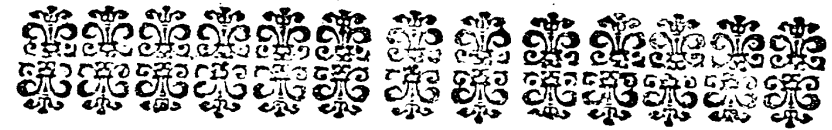
Burlesque upon Burlesque:
OR, THE
Scoffer Scoft.

Being some of
LUCIAN'S
DIALOGUES

Newly put into
ENGLISH FUSTIAN.

For the Consolation of those who
had rather Laugh and be Merry,
then be Merry and Wise.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Henry Brome at the Sign of the Gun at the
West-end of St. Paul's Church-yard. 1675.



Prologue.

G*Entles behold a Rural Muse
In home-spun Robes, and clowted shoos,
Presents you old, but new translated News.*

*We in the Country do not scorn
Our Walls with Ballads to adorn
Of patient Grizell, and the Lord of Lorne.*

*Old Tales, old Songs, and an old Jest,
Our stomachs easilist digest;
And of all Plays Hieronimo's the best.*

*We bring you hear a Fustian peece,
Writ by a merry Wagg of Greece,
Which yet the learned Jay's not much amiss,*

Prologue.

*And if 'gainst stile Except you shall,
Wee must acquaint you once for all,
'Tis but Burlesque in the Original.*

*The Subject is without offence,
Doe but some smutty words dispence,
Wee'l make amends with Ryme, if not with Sence.*

*Besides you must not take a Picque,
If he sometimes speak plain, and gleek,
Without that Licence he could be no Greek.*

*But we our selves so hate prophaners,
And all corrupters of good manners,
Hee's qualified for all entertainers,*

*And is so well reform'd from riot,
His Book is made so wholesome diet,
Virgins and Boys can run no danger by it.*

*But why a Prologue, you will say,
To what nor is nor's like a Play?
That I expect you in my dish should lay.*

Why

Prologue.

*Why though this Antick new-vaump't Wit,
With no such vain design was writ,
That it should either Gallery, Box, or Pit:*

*Yet my renowned Author sayes,
These Scenes with those may pass for Playes
Were writ i'th' Dutchess of ———— dayes.*

*But she is gone (I speak it quaking,
The sleeping Lioness for waking)
To write in a new world of her own making.*

*And now that she has shot the Pit,
You even must contented sit,
And take such homely fare as you can get.*

*For this, the Rymer says that penn'd it,
For a fine piece 'twas ^{here} intended,
Since in a Month 'twas both begun, and ended.*

*Some favour he expects therefore,
And does your mercies (Sins) implore,
On one that never troubled you before.*

A 3

But

Prologue.

*But yet he bid me e're I went hence
To tell you, that what ere's your Sentence,
It shall not cost him half an hours repentance,*

PRO-

The Scoffer Scott.



PROMETHEUS,
OR,
CAUCASUS.

THE Author (who no doubt had wit)
This piece of Railery then writ
When Paganism was in fashion :
By this ridiculous narration
To beat into the brains o'th' rude
And logger-headed multitude,
That what the wanton Poets feign
Of one Promerheus is vain,
And fit to be (here be it sed)
By none but Coxcombs credited.

A 4

Wherein

Wherein his meaning further is
 To take away th' Authorities
 Of Lies, and Fables, which did Pigeon
 The Rabble into false Religion.
 Which also was his drift ('tis odds)
 In th' other Dialogues o' th' Gods,
 Of which this here plac't first of all
 Seems to be Captain General.

DIALOGUE.

Vulcan, Mercury, and Prometheus.

Merc. SO now to *Caucasus* w're got,
 Come *Vulcan*, let us look about
 For some good *Rock*, where we may fall
 To nayling fast the *Criminal*.
 'Tis more than time that we had done it :
 But let's choose one has no Snow on it,
 That of both *Manacle* and *Gieve*
 The Nays we to the head may drive.

And

And one that also on each side
 Does open lye to be descry'd,
 That *Passengers* may be aware on't,
 And the *Rogue's* shame the more apparent.

Vulcan. Content, but we must nayl him so,
 That he may neither hang so low,
 That *Mortals* soonas they shall spy him
 May presently come and untie him ;
 Nor must we fasten him so high,
 As to be out of reach of eye,
 The torment then would be unknown,
 That's meant an exemplary one.
 Therefore be rul'd by my advice,
 Wee'l hang him on this *Precipice*
 I' th' middle of the Mountain there,
 Chaining one hand to this Rock here,
 T'other to that that's opposite,
 And there he will hang fair in sight,
 Where *friend* and *foe* at ease may view him,
 But the *grand Devil* can't get to him.

Mercury. I like thy Reasons wondrous well,
 They both are inaccessible.

Come

Come (*Sir Prometheus*) if you please,
 And mount a step for your own ease;
 Nay, never *hang an Arse* for th' matter,
 It is in vain to cog and flatter:
 Come on I say, and ne're draw back for't,
 Or those large *luggs* of yours will crack for't;
 Why when I say! come mount apace
 And hang man with a handsome grace.

Promet. Hale me not prethee on this fashion:
 But take some small commiseration
 Upon a *poore Diable*,
 Unjustly made thus miserable.

Merc. What! I believe thou art so kind
 (Thou bear'st a very loving mind)
 To have us truss't up in thy room
 For disobeying great Jove's Doom!
 Do'st think this *Caucasus* to be
 Too little to hold all us Three;
 Or would it comfort be to thee
 T'have fellows in thy misery!
Your Servant Sir, we thank you kindly,
 And in return we mean to bind yee,
 Where any friend you have may find yee. } Come

Come (Sir) your right hand; *Vulcan* drive:
 Well driven *as I hope to live*!
 Such things I see thou hast an art in,
 That hand I warrant's *fast for starting*.
 Come (Sir) your left; here strike again,
 And drive this home *with might and main*.
 Ha! ha! old *smutty face*, well fed,
Th'ast hit the nayl (I faith) o'th' head.
 Here, here, now take me this right legg,
 And drive me here another pegg.
 Well said! here make me this fast too,
 And then there is no more to do.
 'Slid, thou hast *done it to a hair*:
 So, now (Sir) you may take the Air,
 And may contemplate all alone;
 The *Vulture* will come down anon
 To prey upon your Entrails *Don*,
 A recompence a worthy one,
 For your most fine invention.

Promet. O gentle mother *Earth* that bore me,
 And in thy throes didst loud groan for me!
 Thou *Saturn* and *Japetus* too,
Alas the day, what shall I do.

What

What! must I undergoe this wo-thing,
And suffer thus for doing nothing.

Merc. No, call'st it nothing (*wicked Beast*)
To cheat great *Jove* at a great Feast!
To give him bones (a trick that new is)
Snear'd over with a little *Brewis*,
And keep the best o'th' meat (forsooth)
For your own Worships *dainty tooth*!
Besides, I wonder much (*Wise-aker*)
Who 'twas that made you a *Man-maker*,
That subtle crafty Animal!
And *Woman* too the worst of all!
And then to steal the fire from *Heaven*
Which only to the Gods was given,
And that they prize above all measure
Much more then all their other treasure!
After all which had thou a face
So varnish't, nay so vaump't with brass;
Or rather steel'd with impudence,
To preach to us thy innocence!
And to complain thou hast wrong done thee!
Thou *wicked Rogue*, now out upon thee!

Promet.

Promet. Hast thou the stony heart to rate
And use me thus in this estate?
And to reproach me for things here,
For which, by all the Gods I swear,
And all of them to witness call,
That dine and sup in *Jove's* fair *Hall*,
I deserve, rather than this Doom,
A pension i'th' * *Prytoneum*.
And if thou would'st but give me leisure,
In sadness, I could take a pleasure
(For all I know, thou much do'st glory
In thy renowned Oratory)
Now with thee to dispute the case,
And argu't with thee *face to face*:
To baffle in thy person here
Thy mighty Master Jupiter.
Take then upon thee his defence
With all thy mighty Eloquence,
And mak't appear that he has reason
To chain me here this bitter season,
In prospect of the *Caspian-Ports*
To which the trading world resorts,

* *The Ex-
chequer of
Athens.*

To

The Scoffer Scott.

To all these crowds of men to be

A Spectacle of misery ;

Yea (and what's more) of horror, even

To *Scythians*, to whom is given

* The Author means driven by necessity of Trading, as well as by the Winds.

By all that have been hither * driven,

The name of bloodiest under Heaven.

Merc. Faith thy defence comes now too late;

But if thou hast a mind to prate,

Wee'll give thee hearing, and we may,

For we are here enjoyn'd to stay

* The Vul-
ture.

Until we see the * *Pigeon driver*

Come down to prey upon thy Liver.

In the mean time wee'll shew our breeding,

In our attention to thy pleading ;

Make use of time then, and be quick

In pouring out thy Rhetorick,

'Twill doubtless ravish ; For I hear

Thou art a mighty *Sophister*.

Promet. Nay, to speak first it is thy part,

Because thou my Accuser art ;

And in so doing take heed, pray,

You don't your Masters cause betray.

Smug

The Scoffer Scott.

9

Smug here shall stand by, and be mute,

And be the *Judge* of our dispute.

Vulc. Who, I be *Judge* against my *Father* !

Thy *Peacher* or thy *Hangman* rather,

For having my own *Forge* bereaven

Of heat, by stealing *Fire* from Heaven.

Promet. Why then I'll tell you what to do,

Your *Accusation's* split in two,

* Thou of the *Theft* to speak hadst best,

And let him handle all the rest ;

T'other offences leave to him :

And also it would ill beseem

The *God of Thieves*, in open Session

To speak against his own profession.

Vulc. No, no, to meddle I am loth ;

Mercury here shall speak for's both ;

He is a *Clerk* of better reading :

For my part I've no skill in pleading :

He has been bred to't, I was ne're

Cut out to be a *Barrester*,

My head too heavy was, and logger,

Ever to make a *Pettifogger*.

* Speaking
to Vulcan.

I'll

I'll ne're deny it, I have more Art
 In clowting of a crasie Cart:
 But he by bawling, 'tis well known,
 Has gotten many a good half Crown;
 And by that *Trade* has got his living,
 For all thy talk, as well as *Thieving*.

Merc. It would require a tedious time,
 Piecemeal to handle ev'ry Crime,
 Of which thou lowfy, nrangy, filthy,
 Abominable *Knave* art guilty:
 Nor is't enough in running fashion,
 Barely to name each accusation:
 But since my *Gentleman* confesses,
 Nay glories in his wickednesses,
 My task by that so much the less is.

And it great folly were to babble
 A great long tedious Ribble-Rabble
 Of Crimes would load a Councel-Table,
 And go about with grave Sentences
 To prove a *Bead-roll* of Offences,
 Of which, without being so strict,
 He is by his own mouth convict.

And

And therefore I shall say but this,
 That undeniably it is
 The greatest injury can be
 To *Jupiter's* great Clemency,
 So often to relapse into
 Crimes (Sir) for which you full well knew,
 The Gallows were long since your due,
 And in defiance still of *Heaven*,
 To sin as often as forgiven,

Promet. A great Case in few words laid open,
 Learnedly has your *Worship* spoken,
 Good *Master Serjeant*, y'have undone
 The *Lawyers* ev'ry Mother's Son.
 'Tis pity but you had held on,
 It was so pithy an *Oration*:

But now how wise your Accusation
 Is in the Substance, would be known,
 And that (*Sir*) we shall see anon.
 But since you think y'ave said enough,
 Without one syllable of proof,
 I'll enter into my defence
 To answer your great Eloquence.

B

And

And first and formost here I all
 The *Gods* in *Heav'n* to witness call,
 It pities me to th' heart to see
 That the great *Jupiter* should be
 So out of humor, and so grum
 As to pronounce this heavy Doom,
 Not only on a man, but even
 A *God* who has a right in *Heaven*,
 One of the merry'st of *Boon-blades*,
 And one too of his old *Camrades*,
 Nay one that some time (much good do him)
 Has been full serviceable to him,
 And all this only for a Jeast
 I put upon him at a Feast.
 But had I thought hee'd been so loddan
 Of his bak't, fry'd, boild, rost, and sodden,
 I should (I am not such a *Noddy*)
 Have jeasted with some other Body.
 Thou know'st what liberty of jeasting
 Every one takes when they are feasting,
 Where we throw Cushions, Chairs, and Stools,
 And none but Children, or meer fools

Any

Any thing ever do take ill,
 Let a man do what e're he will:
 But evermore the better fort
 Turn all to railery and sport.
 But for one, of the state he is,
 To let such a poor thing as this
 (Scarcely the shadow of a wrong)
 Lye festering in his heart so long,
 And to this damnable degree
 To wreak his Anger as you see,
In my poor judgment is a part
 So much below the generous heart
 Not only of a *God* to do,
 And of all *Gods* the *Sovereign* too:
 But even of a *Gentleman*,
 A civil, and a well-bred man:
 For if such honest Liberties,
 Such pastimes, and such tricks as these
 Must banisht be from merry meetings;
 I fain would know what at such sittings
 There will be left to do, but fill
 One's Guts like bruits, to munch and swill,

B 2

Which

Which is unfit (if I am able
 To judge) of any civil Table.
 I did not then, I swear, imagine
 He would have taken't in such dudgin ;
 Or that hee'd had so little wit,
 As the next day to think of it ;
 Much less he would have been so canker'd,
 So false a *Brother of the Tankard*,
 As to have plagu'd me in this sort
 For what I only did in sport.
 What ? if in play, I made one Mess
 Than others something worse and less,
 And offer'd 'um to his refusing,
 Only to try his wit in choosing ?
 Was that so hainous an offence,
 He must bear malice ever since,
 And nourish such a damn'd malignity,
 As if the uttermost indignity,
 Both to his Person, and his *Crown*,
 I offer'd had that e're was known ?
 But come now, at the *worst let's take it*,
 And *mak't as ill, as ill can make it* ;

Suppose

Suppose then, more than tho' did'st at first,
 Not only that his share was worst ;
 But that hee'd had no part at all ;
 Must he for this make all this brawl,
 And must he (as th' old saying is)
 For such a trivial toy as this
 A thing indeed not worth a feather)
Shuffle both Heav'n and Earth together ;
 And of one meal for the great losses,
 Of nothing talk but Stocks, and Crosses,
 Wracks, Gibbets, and these new devices
 Of Vultures, Rocks, and Precipices !
 Let him take heed, when this is bruited,
 That this proceeding been't imputed
 To an unworthiness of Spirit :
 I promise you I greatly fear it.
 For a great thing, I fain would know,
 What would this *Thunderer* stick to do,
 Who makes this strange unheard of clutter
 For loosing of his bread and butter ?
 How many *men* would scorn this odd,
 This strange proceeding of a *God* !

Does

Does any *History* relate,
 That ever man of any state,
 So greedy was, or passionate,
 To *make*, or *put* his Cook *away*
 For licking of his fingers pray?
 Or if a *Tripe*, or so, he rifles,
 One ne're regards such petty *Trifles*;
 Or if one do chastise him for it,
 'Tis only with a *kick*, or *whirret*:
 But for so small a *Peccadill*
 To send a man up *Holborn-hill*:
 An act is of an odious dye,
 And an unheard of cruelty!

Thus much to say, I've tane occasion,
 To th' first point of my accusation;
 Wherein so pitiful's the matter
 Which does my innocence bespatter,
 That (though I do not often use it)
 I almost blush't but to excuse it;
 They then may sure blush well enough
 Who charge me with such *wretched stuff*.

Let's now to the next *Charge* proceed,

And

And that's a hainous one indeed,
 The Making man; wherein I am
 To seek 'gainst what you would declaim:
 Whether the thing a Crime you call
 Consist in making man at all;
 Or that it only is the fashion
 That wants your worships approbation?
 But wee'l examine both, that's fair;
 And to the first I do declare,
 The Gods so far from loosing are,
 Any thing by this new Creation,
 That (if they would be folks of fashion,
 And with their Neighbours would be quiet)
 They'r infinitely gainers by it.
 And (though they will be so outrageous)
 For them 'tis much more advantageous,
 That there be men, though they be evil,
 Deform'd, and wicked as the *Devil*,
 And good, or bad, or low, or tall,
 Then that there should be none at all.
 And (back into past time to go)
 In the beginning you must know,

B 4

The

The *world*, which now no Tenants wants,
 Save *Gods*, had no *Inhabitants*.
 At which good time the *Earth* (alafs!)
 Naught but a vast wild *Desart* was,
 All over grown with Trees, and Bushes,
 Mansions for *Black-birds*, Jayes, and *Thrushes*,
 Where there nor riding was, nor walking,
 Good store of *Game*, but no good *Hawking*,
 Where Herds of Deer did graze, and fill 'um,
 But no body to hunt and kill 'um.
 For, whence (Sir *Mercury*) by your leave,
 Do you in your wise head conceive,
 Come all those goodly well-till'd fields,
 That so good *Wheat* and *Barley* yield;
 Whence these fine *Gardens* with their flowers,
 These *Temples* with their stately *Towers*,
 Of *Altars* all this mighty store,
 And *Statues* which the world adore,
 And several things that I could mention;
 But from man's labour, and invention.
 Therefore as I who from a *Groom*
 No bigger then a *Millers Thumb*,

Have

Have still been taking daily pains,
 And cudgelling about my brains
 To find inventions out that shou'd
 Conduce unto the publick good,
 Was musing after my old rate,
 And meditating this and that,
 An old *Diogenes* in Tub-like
 For something useful to the publick:
 As Poets sing, without delay
 I took some water, and some clay,
 And tempring them together * thus,
 E'en made a Man like one of us.
 Wherein *Minerva* was an Actress,
 (I'll not conceal my Benefactress)
 And this is all, as I am civil,
 That I committed have of Evil.
 A mighty matter (without doubt)
 For *Jove* to keep this stir about!
 But what complain the *Gods* of trow?
 What is it that offend them so!
 Do not my *Creatures* them adore?
 Are they less *Gods* now, than before

* Betwixt
 his finger
 and his
 thumb.

I

I undertook this *Puppets* trade,
 And Male and Female *Babies* made?
 For but to see how *Jupiter*
 Does fret, and fume, and stamp, and stare,
 Threaten, and huff, and swear, and swagger,
 And clap his hand on dudgeon Dagger,
 A man would think that he had lost
 The half of his Estate almost,
 At least his Grand-fathers Seal'd-ring,
 Or some most dear beloved thing.
 What? is his *Majesty* afraid
 Those dapper fellows I have made,
 Against his power should rant and roar,
 As did the Gyants heretofore!
 Or if they should turn *Mutineers*,
 (Which yet they dare not for their ears)
 Is he who could the Sons of *Titan*
 (For all their huffing) make be ———'um,
 Much more reduce them all to reason,
 Grown feebler now, then at that season?
 The Gods then by my fine device
 Sustain no kind of prejudice.

But

But to shew forth, and make it plain
 That they by my invention gain,
 Do but behold the Earth, which was
 In former dayes a barren place,
 With Thorns and Brambles over-spread:
 But now improv'd, and husbanded,
 Affording things innumerable
 To cloth mans back, and store his Table.
 For of it self it nought produces
 But Crabs, and Fruits of sower Juices.
 Nay, ev'n the Sea is, in some fashion,
 Appeas'd, and tam'd by Navigation.
 The Islands are inhabited,
 The Worlds round face with *Cities* spread,
 Where men do Sacrifice, and pray
 On many a merry *Holy-day*.
 In short (as the small Poet sayes)
 Temples, Towns, Streets, nay the High-wayes,
 (As oft as people travel there)
 Are all brim-full of *Jupiter*.
 Again, if one cou'd make a story,
 That I had aim'd at my own glory

In

In doing this, it something were ;
 But it does contrary appear :
 For 'mongst so many Fanes that rise
 To such a *Crew* of *Deities*,
 Of any one did't hear't related
 Unto *Prometheus* dedicated ?
 Which does sufficiently declare,
 That I my one particular
 Honour, and Interest have neglected,
 And but the Publick nought respected.
 Consider further (*Mercury*)
 That what we call felicity
 Without a witness looking on,
 Can be but an imperfect one,
 And that if Mortals there were none
 To see this great Creation,
 The World would be but a dead Mass,
 And our advantages much less
 (Though the strange Fabrick well require it)
 In having no one to admire it.
 Again, as things to us are known
 But only by Comparison ;

So

So if unhappy men were none,
 Our happiness would be unknown ;
 And for such benefits as these,
 In stead of giving me large Fees,
 At least great honour for reward,
 You crucifie me, which goes hard,
 That smart unto my feeling Sence
 Must be my Vertues recompence.
 But what ! there are Adulterers,
 Murtherers, Robbers, Ravishers,
 Perhaps you'l argue amongst men :
 Why, if there are, I pray what then ?
 Are there not amongst us the same,
 As void of honesty and shame ;
 And yet for this we don't condemn
 The Heav'n and Earth that nourish't them.
 But you will adde perhaps this more,
 That we've more trouble than before,
 And are put to't to find supplies
 For many more necessities :
 Whoever heard, I know would fain,
 A Shepheard of his Flock complain

For

For fruitfulness, though they ean'd double,
 Because they help't him to more trouble?
 If painful 'tis, 'tis profitable,
 Nay pleasant too, and honorable ;
 And this advantage brings with't too,
 It finds us something still to do ;
 Whereas we otherwise should go
 With hands in pockets every day,
 And nothing have to do but play ;
 Or swill and guttle every day
 With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.
 But that at which most vext I am,
 Is to hear those the most exclaim
 Of men, who least can be without 'um,
 And if they women meet do rout 'um,
 For the fine knacks they wear about 'um.
 And, though they keep this mighty puther,
 Do love them more than any other.
 Nay, and each day to thousand shapes
 Transform themselves to act their Rapes,
 And not contented (as they say)
 To take a *snatch*, and so away :

But

But that they may stick longer to't,
 Ev'n make them *Goddeses* to boot.
 But some may say, that I had reason,
 And that *Man-making* was no treason,
 Only it should not have been thus,
 To make him like to one of *us*.
 And could I in ingenuous *Noddle*
 Have chosen out a fitter Model
 Whereby my art might be exprest,
 Than what I knew was perfectest?
 Had I begun my making Trade
 With four-legg'd Beasts, and Brutes had made,
 Perhaps it would have been no sin,
 And I no Criminal had been :
 But from such *Creatures* of meer sence,
 Devoid of all intelligence,
 With faces prone, and looks dejected,
 What service could you have expected?
 The Gods had been without dispute
 Most rarely worship't by a Brute :
 A great *Bull* would have been, I fear,
 But an obstreperous worshipper,

And

And bellowing Prayers I'me afraid,
 Great *Jupiter* would have dismaid,
 An *Ass*, or *Horse*, in senseless wise
 Would *bray*, or *whinny* Liturgies.
 To hear (Sir *Merc'ry*) it would fear yee,
 A Wolf bawl out a *miserere*,
 And t'hear a Lyon, worse than that,
 Roaring out a *Magnificat*.
 Come, come (*my Masters*) say I must,
 That you are horribly unjust.
 You stick not far as *Ægypt* rome
 Only to snuff a *Hecatomb*,
 And him the cause, your malice dooms
 You *Altars* have and *Hecatombs*.
 But come enough of this! Let's on
 To my last Accusation;
 The stealing fire: and first have I
 Impoverish't any *Deity*
 By having given it to men?
 Or have you now less fire, than when
 I had therewith inspired no Creature?
 And is it not the proper nature

Of that warm *Element* to dart
 It's rayes and heat to every part,
 And yet still to continue fire,
 Keeping its vertue still entire?
 Then what a vain Objection's this;
 A poor fetch, and a meer Caprice,
 Below, and unbefitting all
 The Poets *Benefactors* call!
 Besides, had I purloyned, even
 To the last spark of fire in *Heav'n*,
 I had not wrong'd the Gods a bit:
 They boyl no Pot, nor turn no Spit;
 For your *Ambrosia* does not need
 To be or *hash't*, or *fricasseed*.
 A Cook may there forget his Trade,
 Where nor *Pottage*, nor *Olia*'s made:
 Whereas poor men, contrary wise,
 Want it for their necessities,
 If for no other use at all
 But t'Sacrifice to you withal.
 Do you not love to smell the Roast
 Of a good Rammish Holocaust?

So that 'tis plain (for all pretences)
 You speak against your Consciences.
 I wonder (hang me if I don't)
 Since this is such a great affront,
 And of your fire since y'are so wary;
 You han't forbid *Don Luminary*
 T'impart his Light, which is, I'm sure,
 A fire more glorious, and more pure,
 And that t'orethrow the use of Dial,
 You do not bring him to his Trial
 For having thus, without all measure,
 Profusely squander'd out your Treasure,
 And like a treacherous Trust-breaker,
 Lewdly embezzel'd your Exchequer.
 This is (you pair of *Jove's Bumbayliffs*,
 Or *Hangmen* rather) *sum totalis*
 Of what I'de for my self to say:
 If you confute me can, you may:
 But (for I ever lov'd plain dealing)
 (O *Mercury*, thou God stealing)
 To tell thee the plain truth o'th' story,
 'Tis past, I doubt, thy Oratory:

But

But do me right, *pledge and'twere water*,
 Reply although not much to th' matter.

Merc. It is not easie (I confess)
 To baffle such a plate of brass;
 For in my dayes I ne're did hear
 So impudent a *Sophister*.
 And well's thee *Jupiter's* not near thee,
 Who, had he chanc't to over-hear thee,
 I confidently do assure thee
 Thou would'st have so provok't his fury,
 By slandering him under pretence
 Of pleading in thy own defence,
 So vilely slandering him; that he
 For such a grand indignity,
 Would in his indignation,
 Have sent thee down, instead of one,
 A dozen *Vultures* of a feather
 To prey upon thy Lungs together.
 But tell me why thou being a *Prophet*,
 (For surely thou knew'st nothing of it)
 Had'st not the knowledge to foresee
 The evil was to fall on thee?

C 2

Promet.

Promet. Oh (*Mercury*) hold thee content:
One may foresee, but not prevent.
I did foresee it well enough;
Of which to give thee further proof,
Know that I likewise did foresee

* *Hercules.* A * *Theban* should deliver me,
One of thy old acquaintance, and
A proper fellow of his hand,
Who with a lusty Bolt and Tiller
Will come and be my Vultures killer.

Merc. I wish he were already come,
And that in *Jove's* great dining Room,
We were with each one a good thwistle
Again set down to swill, and vitt'e,
Provided (*Signior*) do you see,
That you should not the Carver be,
Especially (my Friend) for me.

Promet. Why thou wilt see me there again,
Marry, I cannot just say when:
But I will tell thee 'twixt us two,
I shall so rare a service do
For *Jupiter*, that for my labour

He

He will restore me to his favour.

Merc. What service is it that so great is?

Pro. Thou know'st a Lafs call'd *Madam Thetis*,
A pretty little wanton *Drab*:
But I a secret will not blab
That is to purchase and advance
My peace and my deliverance.

Merc. If it be so, thou do'st full well,
Yea, and full wisely not to tell:
But *Vulcan* come, we must away,
For yonder is the *Bird* of prey,
I see him in a *Kill-duck* place,
Ready to make a stoop; alas!
Beware thy Liver now, I'me sorry
(*Promethens*) very sorry for yee,
And wish thy *Liberator* were
As ready, as the danger's near.

C 3

THE

T H E
D I A L O G U E S
O F T H E
G O D S.

Prometheus and Jupiter.

Pro. O H, *Jupiter* ! I'me glad to see thee;
And now th'art here, take pity prethee
Upon a poor old *Cinque and Quater*,
Has paid for playing the Creator,
In truth I've suffer'd out of reason,
And eke withal so long a season,
That if thou would'st be good condition'd,
Thou'dst think that it were e'en sufficient
For a far greater Fault than mine is,
And to my torments put a *Finis*.
Never was *Man* tormented thus !
Hang me if this same *Caucasus*

Te

Be not the coldest Habitation
I think in all the whole Creation ;
And 'twixt the *Vulture*, and the weather,
The Cold, the Kite, or both together ;
Although I do not eat a jot,
(*Saving thy presence*) I have got
So damn'd a griping in my Guts,
That, as I de surfeited of Nuts,
I've thirty stools a day at least ;
Then prethee let me be releast,
For I have purg'd so wondrous fore,
That truly I can do no more.

Jupit. Who, I release thee, that's a good one !
Release a Rogue, release a pudden.
I would thou could'st perswade me to it :
For what I prethee should I do it ?
For which of the fine prancks th'ast plaid ?
The pretty Fellows thou hast made,
Have caus'd such mischief 'mongst the *Gods*,
That we e're since have been at odds.
Or, for thy filching fire from Heaven
To animate the uncouth Leaven ;

C 4

Or,

Or, which of Crimes is not the least,
 Cheating thy Master at a Feast.
 When, like a sawcy ill-bred waiter,
 Thou for thy self the flesh could'st Cater,
 And trayt'rously, and for the nones,
 Mad'st me thy *Dogg* to pick thy Bones?
 For which, *Sir Samce-box*, dost thou see,
 Since thou'lt make Men, I'le unmake thee,
 And I have hung your *Worship* there
 In this convenient nipping Air,
 As I conceiv'd it did require
 To cool thee after stealing fire :
 And as to those thy Belly-gripes,
 Know *Rogue* my *Vulture* loves fat *Tripes*,
 And I will feed him upon thine,
 Because thou once defeated'st mine.

Promet. But for these faults, and for a score
 Greater than these, nay twenty more,
 Have I not suffer'd full enough?
 For though my Hide be well and tough,
 Thou know'st it is not made of Buff,
 And neither Frost, nor *Vulture* proof.

Besides

Besides this *Vulture*, by this light,
 Is the plain *Devil* of a *Kite* :
 His hooked black deformed beak
 I think through *Mars* his shield would peck ;
 His feet, wherewith my sides he tickles,
 Have *Talons* more like Scyths than Sickles ;
 When he's in's place high in the Air,
 He seems as bigg as *Cossioare*,
 Where sometime lying on his wings,
 After a few preparing rings,
 He makes his stoop, and down he comes,
 (Whilst fear my very heart benums)
 With such a whirlwind and a powder,
 That though thy Thunder may be lowder,
 Thy Lightning is not half so quick ;
 Nor does it make one half so sick,
 And gives my Liver such a thump,
 That the blow ecchoes at my rump.
 Then fastning in my Ribs his pounces,
 He tears my S omach out by ounces ;
 Preys on my Liver, Lights, and Lungs,
 And in my Paunch his beak bedungs.

So

So that but even Yesternight,
 Coming to take his supping flight,
 As in my bowels he was tugging,
 He lights upon a Master-pudding,
 Which as he pull'd still, still did follow
 So much more fast, than he could swallow,
 That had I not (upon my word)
 Because I know thou lov'st the *Bird*,
 With my teeth caught him by the *Train*,
 Hee'd ne're on Carrion prey'd again.
 Therefore if all the miseries
 I have endur'd will not suffice;
 Yet let this one good office do't,
 And ease me at my humble suit.
Jup. Were th'pains, whereof thou dost complain,
 As many and as great again:
 Yet were they not the hundred part
 Of what is justly thy desert.
 Thou should'st by *Caucasus*, thou *Scab*,
 Be crush't as flat as Verjuice Crab,
 And not be only ty'de unto it,
 To choak a *Spar-hawk* with thy Suet.

Nay,

Nay, thou art such a Malefactor,
 And in all ills so vile an Actor,
 As should not only have thy Liver
 Prey'd on by twenty Kites together;
 But yet moreover have thine eyes
 Pick't out to pay thy treacheries,
 And even thy felonious heart,
 Had'st thou but half of thy desert.

Pro. Well, thou may'st follow thine own will,
 And if thou wilt torment me still:
 But if thou would'st but be contented
 To pardon me, thou'dst ne're repent it:
 For I shall such a caution give thee,
 Will make thee glad thou did'st reprieve me.

Jup. What? I perceive now thou would'st fain
 Be loose to gull me once again.

Promet. Prethee by that what should I get?
 Can'st thou Mount *Caucasus* forget?
 Or if there yet were no such place,
 Hast thou not thousand other wayes,
 Whose powers so uncontroll'd and ample,
 To make me a most sad example?

Jupiter.

Jupit. Come, come, I cannot stay to prattle,
Nor hear thy idle *tittle tattle*.

What (for no more thou now shalt dorre me)
If I release thee wilt do for me?
Come leave thy wheedling, and thy cogging,
And tell me, for I must be jogging.

Pro. Wilt thou not take it *Jove* in dudging,
If I now tell thee where th'art trudging;
And wilt thou henceforth now believe me,
And in thy heart that credit give me,
If I tell truth unto a tittle,
That I can prophesie a little?

Jupit. What else?

Promet. Why then, to cure thy itching,
Jove, thou now going art a bitching,
And so immoderate thy heat is
As none can quench but *Nereide Thetis*.

Jupit. Well if I should play such a feat,
What Issue shall we two beget?

Promet. What Issue, marry out upon her!
By no means meddle with that *Spawner*:
For if thou dost, I'll tell thee what,

A

A graceless Child will be begot
Betwixt thee and that *blew-ey'd Slattern*,
Will depose thee as thou did'st *Saturn*:
At least so threat the Destinies:
And therefore if thou wilt be wise,
Let her alone, and come not at her,
But elsewhere lead thy *Wagg* to water.

Jup. Well since th'ast *hit the nayl o' th head*,
I'll once by thy advice be led,
And for thy counsels recompence,
Vulcan shall come and loose thee hence.
For all past faults I quit thee clear.

Promet. Why then I thank thee *Jupiter*.

D I A L O G U E.

Jupiter and Cupid.

Cupid. **A** H *Jupiter*, I prethee hear,
For thine own sake good *Jupiter*,
If I am guilty of a Crime,
Do but forgive me this one time,
And if I e're do so agin
Then whip me till the blood do spin.

What

What? will not *Jove* be reconcil'd,
But still bear malice to a Child?

Jupit. A Child, thou little *Rakehell* thou!
A pretty Child thou art I trow;
Older than *Japhet*, little *Hang-string*,
Though one might wear thee in his *Band-string*.
And then for art and subtilty,
Prometheus is an *Ass* to thee.

Cupid. That *Painters* best and *Poets* know,
Who ever represent me so,
And unto them I do refer it;
Who, if they are put to't, will swear it:
But were I what thou'dst have me be,
What mischief have I done to thee,
That ought t'engage thine indignation,
To use me on this cruel fashion?

Jupit. What dost thou ask me, *Nere-be-good*?
When thou hast so inflam'd my blood,
That as I *Philters* swallow'd had,
I every day run whynnying mad,
For every woman that I see;
And yet thou mak'st not one love me:

So

So that each day to feed my Vices,
I'me put to pump for new devices,
And to put on a thousand shapes,
The better to commit my *Rapes*.

Cupid. That is because the woman fear thee,
And therefore tremble to come near thee.

Jupit. And yet the ill condition'd *Toads*
Can love forsooth the other Gods,
Apollo he can have his Joyes
Both with the Wenches and the Boyes.

Cupid. The cause of that is quickly guess't,
He's handsome, and goes sprucely drest,
And yet for all his powder'd locks,
His *Songs* and *Sonnets*, with a *Pox*,
And that he goes so fine and trim,
Daphne could never fancy him:
Nor could he e're her liking move,
So absolutely free is Love.

But would'st thou spend each day and hour
In dressing, and not look so sowre,
Which (in plain truth) does mainly fright 'um;
I make no question but thou'dst smite 'um.

But

But then it will be requisite,
 If thou wilt turn a *Carpet Knight*,
 To lay those by all women dread,
 Thy *Thunder* and thy *Gorgons-head*.

Jup. What *Rogue*! would'st have me to lay by
 The Ensigns of my *Deity*:
 That's pleasant counsel, faith, but yet
 I think I shall not follow it:
 No firrah, I shall more prefer
 The Dignity of *Jupiter*.

Cupid. Then thou must women let alone.

Jupit. No, I shall wench still ten to one.
 And yet (for all thy haste) not bate
 One inch or tittle of my state.
 Howe're, since thou so well hast prated,
 My anger is for once abated,
 And I forgive thee all old grutches.

Cupid. I'me glad I'me got out of his clutches.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Mercury and *Jupiter*.

Jupit. Dost thou know *Io*, *Mercury*?

Merc. *Io*! yes surely, let me see,

Oh, *Inachus* his pretty Daughter! (her; }

Jup. The same, thou know'st I long have fought }

And now at last that I have caught her

Do'st think but *Juno* my curst *Froe*,

Has turn'd the *Girl* into a *Cow*,

Out of pure Jealousie to cheat me,

And of my pleasure to defeat me,

And has deliver'd her to keep

T'a *Monster* that does never sleep;

But having eyes in every place,

Even in his arse, as well as face,

A hundred spread all o're his parts,

Both where he speaks, and where he farts;

Whilst some of them a nap do take,

Others are evermore awake:

So that unless I had a spell

To Bull my *Cow* invisable,

D

I

I ne're can think to take him napping,
 And from his sight there's no escaping:
 But thou I know a way canst tell
 To rid me of this *Centinel*;
 Thou wit and courage hast enough;
 Prethee now put them both to proof:
 Go then to the *Nemean Grove*,
 Where the foul Monster guards my love,
 And for my sake take so much pains,
 As fairly to knock out his brains.
 When having batter'd his thick skull,
 To *Aegypt* drive my lovely *Mull*,
 Where they shall pay her Sacrifices
 Under th'adored name of *Isis*.
 There she shall sway the winds and waves,
 And be the *Queen of Galley-slaves*.

Merc. I go, and if I find him once,
 With my *Battoon* I'll bang his scone
 So pretty well, as shall suffice
 To put out all his hundred eyes.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Jupiter and Ganymede.

Jup. C Ome kiss me pretty little stranger,
 Now that we are got clear from dan-
 And that to please my pretty *Boy*, (ger.
 I've laid my *Beak* and *Talons* by:

Ganim. What are become of them I trow;
 Thou had'st them on but even now.
 Did'st thou not come where I did keep,
 Thinking no harm, my Fathers Sheep,
 In *Eagles* shape, and with a swoop,
 Like a small *Chicken*, truss me up.
 And art thou now turn'd Man? this change
 Is very wonderfully strange,
 Sure thou art one of those same folk-as
 I've heard 'um call a *Hocus-pocus*.

Jupit. No, my sweet *Boy*, thou tell'st a flim,
 Nor *Eagle* I, nor *Jugler* am:
 But Sovereign of the *Gods*, who have
 Transform'd my self (my pretty Knave)
 Into these Man and *Eagles* shapes,
 To snap my little *Jack-anapes*.

D 2

Ganist.

Ganim. Sure thou art our *God Pan*, and yet
Thou hast no horns, nor cloven feet ;
Nor yet a Pipe that I do see,
The marks of that great *Deity*.

Jupit. Know'st thou no other *Gods* but he ?

Ganim. No, but to him I know, that we
Ev'ry year Sacrifice a *Goat*
Before the Entry of his *Grot* :
And as for thee (although with trembling)
I tell thee plain, without dissembling,
I judge thee for to be no better,
Than that bad thing some call a *Setter*,
Others a *Spirit*, that doth lye
In wait to catch up *Infantry*,
Who give them plums, and fine tales tell 'um ,
To steal them first, and after sell 'um.

Jup. But, heark thee Child ! did'st never hear
Of a great *God* call'd *Jupiter* ?
Did'st never see upon a high-day
An *Altar* drest upon *Mount Ida*,
Where folks come crowding far and near
To offer to the *Thunderer* ?

Ganim.

Ganim. What art thou he that makes the rattle
I'th' air which frights both Men and Cattle,
Sowers all the Milk, and doth so clatter,
Both above ground, and under water,
That men not dare to shew their heads ,
Nor Eeles lye quiet in their beds ?
If thou be that same *Jupiter* ,
To thee my *Father* every Year
Does Sacrifice a *Tup*, a good one :
Then speak in truth, and conscience, would one
Be so ungrateful a *Curmudgel*,
To steal away his Age's Cudgel ?
Besides, what have I done, I pray,
Should make thee Spirit me away ?
Who knows but now, whil'st I'me in *Heaven*,
My flock being left at *Six and Seven*,
The *Wolf's* amongst them *breaking's fast* ;
Nay perhaps worry'ng up the last.

Jupit. Why let the *Wolf* e'en play the *Glutton*,
'Tis but a little *rotten mutton*.
Fie what a whimp'ring do'st thou keep,
For a few mangy lowlie Sheep.

D 3

Thou

Thou must forget such things (my *Lad*)
 Why thou art now immortal made,
 Fellow t' th' *Gods*, and therefore now
 Must think no more of things below.

Ganim. What then I warrant, *Jupiter*,
 Thou dost intend to keep me here,
 And wilt not deign to make a stoop
 To set me where thou took'st me up?

Jupit. I think I shall not (my small friend)
 For if I do I loose my end,
 And all that I by that should gain
 Would be *my labour for my pain*.

Ganim. I but my *Sire* will angry be,
 So angry when he misses me,
 That he will soundly *firk my dock*
 For thus abandoning his flock.

Jupit. For that (my pretty *Boy*) ne're fear;
 For thou shalt alwayes tarry here.

Ganim. Nay but I *wonnot*, so I *wonnot*,
 Nor you shan't keep me, *no you shannot*,
Spite of your Nose, and *will-ye, will-ye?*
 I will go home again, that will I:

But

But if thou would'st so far befriend me,
 As set me down where thou did'st find me,
 I'll sacrifice (I do not mock)
 To thee the fairest *Tup* i'th' flock.

Jupit. Thou'rt simple and a Child indeed,
 To think that I such Offerings need!
Tup mutton's t'me the worst of meat,
 And thou too must such things forget;
 Thou'rt now in *Heav'n* fit to do
 Thy *Father Good* and *Country* too:
 Nor need'st thou now his anger fear,
 His arm's too short to reach thee here;
 Nor shalt thou henceforth dread the *Rod*,
 Thou no more Boy art but a *God*.
 Far better fare thou shalt find here,
 Than that same sower-sawc't *whipping Chear*:
 Far better here thou shalt be fed,
 Than with hard crusts of dry *brown-bread*,
Sowre milk, *salt butter*, and hard *cheese*:
 No, thou shalt feed, instead of these,
 Or your *slip-slap* of *Curds* and *Whey*,
 On *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.

D 4

And

And if thou'lt do as thou should'st do,
Shalt see thy *Constellation* too,
Shine brighter, and in higher place
Than all the rest the Sky that grace.

Ganim. I, but when I've a mind to play,
What *play-fellows* are here I pray?
For every day (excepting *Friday*)
I'de *play-fellows ding-dong* on *Ida*.

Jupit. Why *Cupid* shall attend thy call,
To play at *Cat*, at *Trap*, or *Ball*,
Dust-point, *Span-counter*, *Skittle-pins*,
And thou no more shall play for pins:
But have a care, the little *Guts*
Will be too hard for thee at *Butts*.
Thou'lt have thy belly full of sport,
I give thee here my promise for't,
And brave sport too, but then (I trow)
Thou must forget the things below.

Ganim. Well, but thou hast not told me yet
What I must do to earn my meat?
Hast thou here any flocks of Sheep
To send me out a dayes to keep?

Jupit.

Jupit. No, thou a life shalt have much fairer;
Thou to the *Gods* shalt be *Cup-bearer*,
And purest *Nectar* to them fill
Whilst at their merry Feasts they swill.

Ganim. Is that same *Nectar*, which they drink,
Better than *Red-Cows-milk* dost think?

Jup. Thou'dst ne're drink other whilst life lasted
Hadst thou but once that liquor tasted.

Ganim. But then where must I lye anights?
For I am monstrous fraid of *Sprites*;
I hope in hot, and in cold weather,
Cupid and I must lye together.

Jupit. No (sirrah) thou shalt lye with me;
For therefore did I spirit thee.

Ganim. Why art not thou, poor little one,
Old enough yet to lye alone?

Jupit. Yes; but there is a certain joy
In lying with a pretty Boy.

Gan. A pretty Boy! that's better yet,
What's Beauty when one cannot see't?
When one is fast asleep (I wis)
One little cares for prettiness.

Jupit.

Jup. That's true, but dreams proceed from it,
Which are so tickling, and so sweet.

Gan. But when I pig'd with mine own *Dad*,
I us'd to make him hopping mad,
Who as he lay abed would grumble,
That I did nought but toss and tumble,
Talk in my sleep, and pant, and kick
His sides and paunch so hard and thick,
He could not sleep one wink all night :
For which, so soon as e're 'twas light,
He pack't me to my Mother duly.
Seeing then in Bed I'me so unruly,
If thou did'st only bring me hither
That thou and I might lye together,
Thou may'st e'en set me down again ;
For I shall certain be thy bairn.

Jupit. Why kick thy worst, my little *Brat*,
I like thee ne're the worse for that :
'Tis better far than lying still,
But I can kifs thee there my fill.

Ganim. Why, each one as he likes (you know)
Quoth' good man when he kifs't his Cow ;

You

You may do what you will, but I
Shall sleep the while most certainly.

Jup. Well, well ! for that as time shall try :
In the mean time, you *Mercury*,
Here take and make my pretty Page
Drink the immortal Beverage,
That after I may him prefer
To be my chiefest *Cup-bearer* :
But e're to wait you bring him up,
First teach him to present the Cup.

D I A L O G U E.

Juno and Jupiter.

Jun. **W**Hy what a strange life dost thou lead !

Since thou hast got this *Ganimede*.
I, who have been thy faithful wife
Can't get a kifs to save my life ;
But thou do'st look so strangely on me,
As if till now thou ne're had'st known me.

Jupit. What will not wife thy jealous pate,
To vex thy self and me, create ?

Was

Was such a Jealousie e're known,
 To that degree of frensie grown,
 As to run supposition mad
 Of a poor simple harmless *Lad*!
 I thought none but the female kind
 Could raise such whimsies in thy mind.
Juno. Nay (saith) thou'rt ex'lent at both trades,
 Both at thine *Ingles*, and thy *Fades*.
 And all my chiding's to no end;
 I think *thou art too old to mend*:
 Else, mauger thy bad inclination,
 Thou'dst tender more thy Reputation.
 Do'st fit the *King of Gods* I pray,
 To *Masquerade* it every day,
 And to transform himself one while
 To *Gold*, a Virgin to beguile,
 Another while into a *Bull*,
 To make another *Maid* a *Trull*,
 And then into a *Swan*, to try
 The treading way of *Letchery*;
 And to put on all these strange shapes
 In order to adult'rou Rapes?

And

And yet for all thy prancks on Earth
 (Unfitting far thy place and birth)
 Thou hitherto hast ever yet
 Had either so much Grace, or Wit,
 Manners, or Shame, or altogether,
 As not to bring thy *Trollops* hither,
 As thou hast done this *Dandiprat*,
 For all the *Gods* to titter at,
 And all under pretence the Youth
 Must be your *Cup-bearer* forsooth:
 As all the *Gods* inhabit here,
 Unworthy of the *Office* were,
 As if my daughter *Hebe* was;
 Or *Vulcan* weary of the place;
 Or any of the *Gods* indeed,
 Might not perform it *for a need*.
 And then, which more does vex me still,
 He never does the Goblet fill,
 And ready with it waiting stand,
 But e're thou tak'st it at his hand,
 Thou fall'st a kissing him 'fore all
 The *Gods* in the *Olympick Hall*;

Which

Which thou do'st too with so much passion,
 And after such immodest fashion,
 That the Boyes kisses one would think,
 Were sweeter than the *Heav'nly drink*.
 Nay, thou full oft for drink dost call,
 When th'ast no list to drink at all,
 No more than thou hast need to piss:
 Only a meer pretence to kiss.

Sometimes thou mak'st him drink to thee,
 A kind of slav'ring *Letchery*,
 Of which the meaning's only this,
 To place thy mouth where he did his,
 Which ravishes thee, whilst thou think'st,
 Thou kissest all the while thou drink'st.

'Twas a fine sight last day to see
 Thy little *Catamite*, and thee
 Playing at *Nine-pegs* with such heat,
 That mighty *Jupiter* did sweat
 In *Querpo*, to th' beholders wonder,
 Devested of his *Shield* and *Thunder*.
 I both know all thy pranks and thee,
 Think not to make a fool of me.

Jupit.

Jup. Heh! whirre! I think our *Dame's* grown wild;
 What harm's in kissing a fine *Child*;
 And adding that delight to *Nectar*,
 That I must have this *Curtain-Lecture*?
 If thou but tasted had'st the blisses
 Are wrapt up in his luscious kisses,
 Thou would'st be of another mind,
 And not reproach me in this kind.

Juno. I thought that I should trap thee soon,
 Now thou speak'st perfect *Bougeroon*.
 I should have little wit (*Itrow*)
 And very little vertue too,
 Should I defile my lips so much,
 As such an *Urchin* once to touch.

Jupit. That *Urchin* thou dost so despise,
 And speak'st of in such taunting wise,
 Pleases me more (my haughty *Dame*)
 Than some *Body* I will not name.
 Urge me not to't, thou wert not best,
 And cease my pleasure to contest.

Juno. Not I, I shall not be so rash:
 No prethee marry thy *Bardach*.

To

To spite me worse: Go hug thy *Chit*:
 But yet withal do not forget
 How thou dost use me on the score
 Of this thy little *stripling whore*.

Jupit. I know what 'tis, thou'dst have thy *Gripple*
 Wait here, and fill me out my *Tipple*,
 When he comes with his dirty *Golls*
 From raking up his smutty coals,
 Sweating and stinking from his *Forge*,
 Enough to make one to disgorge,
 And in this cleanly plight, I know
 Thou fain would'st have me kiss him too:
 Even when he doth so nasty seem
 That thou his *Mother* keck'st at him.
 It would be wisely done (no doubt)
 For such a foul unseemly *Lout*
 To put away my *Ganymede*,
 So sweet a *Boy*, so finely bred,
 And (which thy mind does more molest
 A hundred times than all the rest)
 Whose every delicious kiss,
 Is sweeter far than *Nectar* is.

Juno.

Juno. I, I, my Son thou dost abhor,
 Now thou hast this trim *Servitor*:
 But till thou had'st this *Skip-Jack* got,
 With *Vulcan* thou did'st find no fault.
 And all his collow, and his foot,
 His dirt, and sweat, and stink to boot,
 Not hindred, but thou took'st delight
 Both in his service, and his sight.

Jupit. Thou dreadful *scold*, thy *dis* surcease,
 And (if thou can'st) once hold thy peace.
 Thy Jealousie does but improve
 My indignation, and my Love.
 Let *Vulcan* serve thee as he did;
 If thou dislikest *Ganimed*:
 But hang me if I drink a sup;
 Unless my *Boy* present the *Cup*.
 Nay, at each draught, I'll tell thee more,
 Hee'st give me kisses half a score.
 Come, come, my pretty *Favourite*,
 Do not thou whimper for her spite.
 Let who dares vex my Boy, thou'st see,
 He order 'um I warrant thee.

E

DIA-

D I A L O G U E.

Juno and Jupiter.

Juno. **N**OW *Jupiter* that none is near us
To hearken, or to over-hear us;
Tell me, I prethee, and be clear,
What think'st thou of this *Ixion* here?

Jupit. Why, I think *Ixion* (wife) true-blew,
An honest man as e're I knew,
A sturdy piece of flesh, and proper,
A merry *Grig*, and a true *Toper*.
Nor had I, but I thought him so,
Made so much on him as I do;
Neither, but that I understood
His Company was very good,
Had I (be sure) been so affable,
As to admit him to my Table.

Juno. See, see, how one may be deceiv'd!
'Tis odds I shall not be believ'd:
But *Ixion* is (without offence)
The sawci'st piece of insolence,

That

That ever came within thy doors;
And fitter mate for *Rogues* and *Whores*
By much, than (*Jupiter*) for thee,
Or any of thy *Family*.

Nay, fitter for his † former pranks,
As well as these, the Hang-mans thanks,
As he now handled has the matter,
Than put his spoon into thy platter:
Yet thou may'st entertain him still
Only to Gourmandize and swill:
But, for my part, I'll ne're endure him;
Nor shall he stay here I'll assure him.

† Because
he kill'd
his Father
in law.

Jupit. What has he done to move thee thus,
Come prethee now be serious,
And tell me true, nay quickly do it;
For I am resolute to know it?

Juno. What has he done? why 'tis so wicked,
That truly I'me ashamed to speak it.

Jup. What? with some *Goddeſs* hee'd have been
Playing belike at *In and In*,
And would be at the Rutting sport?
For so thy words seem to import.

E 2

Juno.

Juno. Well, and do'st thou conceive that fit,
 That thou do'st make so light of it?
 Is that no fault; nay could he yet
 A Crime more capital commit?
 That's it indeed, th'ast hit upon't,
 And greater still to make th' affront,
 No body else could serve the Youth,
 But even I my self forsooth.
 I did not heed his love at first,
 Not dreaming that the Rascal durst
 Have aim'd at me, but at the last,
 Observing what Sheeps-eyes he cast,
 What sighs he fetch't, how now and then
 He wept, and sigh't, and wept agen,
 Drank after me, and then would leer,
 And kiss the Cup; I then saw clear,
 Though ne're before I did suspect it,
 His folly was to me directed.
 Yet still I thought time would blow over
 This humor of my sawcy Lover,
 Wherefore (though vex't) I thus long drove it,
 Asham'd I swear to tell thee of it;

'Till

Till now at last the sawcy *Ass*,
 Has put on such a brazen face,
 As without all respect to be
 So bold as to solicit me.
 But now to speak 'tis more than time,
 When to conceal it were a crime:
 And therefore, flying from his tears,
 And stopping with both hands both ears,
 From being guilty Auditors
 Of what my Vertue so abhors,
 I straight came running unto thee,
 Fast as my leggs would carry me,
 To tell thee how this *Goat*, this *Satyr*,
 This *Rogue*, this *Slave*, this *Fornicator*,
 Whom thou hast entertain'd, and fed,
 Attempts the honor of thy *Bed*,
 To th'end thou may'st the Whelp chastise,
 In just and exemplary wise.

Jupit. This is a daring *Rogue*, I swear,
 T'attempt to cuckold *Jupiter*!
 It was the *Nettar* in his pate,
 That did this insolence create:

E 3

But

But I my self, I must confess,
 Am cause of these miscarriages,
 By over-loving Mortals so
 Extravagantly as I do,
 And by permitting them to be
 Over-familiar and too free
 With my Divinity and me ;
 He else had ne're attempted thee.
 For 'tis no wonder when they eat
 The very same provoking meat,
 And liquor drink the blood that fires,
 If they have then the same desires,
 And quite forgetting then their duties,
 Are smitten with immortal *Beauties*.
 Besides thou know'st as well as I
 So much of *Cupids* Tyranny,
 So great no Tyrant here above is
 Near, as that little *Bastard* Love is.

Juno. He master is of thee indeed,
 And thee still *by the nose* does lead,
 (As the old saying is) and makes
 Thee play a thousand senseless freaks :

But

But come, I faith, I faith, I know
 What makes thee pity *Ixion* so.
 To pardon him thou art inclin'd,
 'Cause he but pays thee in thy kind :
 Time was thou his wife did'st dishonor,
 And gatt'st *Perithoüs* upon her.

Jupit. Fie, will that never be forgot ?
 Come I'll acquaint thee with my plot.
 It would to banish him appear
 A sentence somewhat too severe ;
 His being o're head and ears in love,
 Does (I confess) my pity move.
 Since therefore he's so woe begun,
 So sighs, and cries, and so takes on,
 I tell thee plain, I do protest,
 Things being thus, I think it best——

Juno. What that I lye with him, I warrant !

Jupit. Do'st think I am a sot so errant ?
 No, I'm not so kind to him neither :
 I prethee hold thy leggs together.
 That's more than will be well allow'd ;
 But I will dizen him a Cloud

E 4

So

So like to thee, as shall perswade him,
He has made me, what I have made him,
And that in pure commiseration,
In part to satisfie his passion.

Juno. Why, this will be for to reward him,
For what thou should'st at least discard him.

Jupit. But speak in pure sincerity,
What harm will this do thee, or me?

Juno. Why he will think it me, that's flat,
Then I shall pass for I know what.

Jupit. No matter what's by him believ'd,
'Tis only he will be deceiv'd ;
And if a Cloud like thee I make,
No *Juno* 'tis, but a mistake,
And he by this my pretty cheat,
A race of *Centaur*s shall beget.

Juno. But if (as now adayes thou know'st
Men are too apt to make their boast)
This *Rogue* so soon as he has done,
As they all do, should straight-way run,
And publish to the world, that he
Has had his filthy will of me ;

Pray

Pray after such a fine Oration,
Where then were *Juno*'s reputation ?

Jup. Should he do such a thing as that,
I'de teach the *Rascal* how to prate,
And if he needs must kifs, and tell,
I'll kick him headlong into Hell,
Where to a wheel he shall be bound,
And like a *Mill-horse* still turn round,
And never have a moments rest ;
Nor thence shall ever be releast.

Juno. If he do prove so damn'd a *Dog*,
'Twill be but Justice on the Rogue.

D I A L O G U E.

Vulcan and *Apollo*.

Apollo **G**ood speed, of fire thou sooty *King*,
I ever hear thy Anwoile ring.
Thy sinoak still mounts from *Aetna* hill ;
I think thy Bellows ne're lye still :
Surely it costs thee much in Leathers,
For thou dost blow and strike all weathers.

Vulc.

Vulc. Goodden *Apollo*, and well met,
 Hast seen the little *Merc'ry* yet,
 How fine a Child, how sweet a face,
 And what a smiling count'nance t'has?
 Which plainly does methink presage,
 Something when he shall come to age,
 That is extraord'nary, and great,
 Though he is but an Infant yet.

Apollo. A pretty Infant questionless!
 Old *Japhets* Sire in wickedness.

Vulc. What harm can he have done, I trow,
 That came into the world but now?

Apollo. Go, and ask *Neptune* that, I pray,
 Whose *Trident* he hath stole away.
 Or *Mars* that question can decide,
 Whose Sword he pilfer'd from his side;
 To whom my self I too could joyn,
 Whose *Bow* and *Shafts* he did purloin.

Vulc. What such a nazardly *Pigwigin*,
 A little *Hang-strings* in a *Biggin*?
 Away, away, *Apollo* flouts!
 What a *Filon* in swathing Clouts?

Apollo.

Apollo. Well think so, but if this *Filon*
 Come here, thou'lt see what he can do.

Vulc. H'as been already here to day.

Apollo. Well, and is nothing missing pray?

Vulc. Not that I know of.

Apollo. That may be;
 But prethee look about and see.

Vulc. I cannot see my Pincers though.

Apollo. O, cry you mercy, can't you so,
 There's one cast of his office now.

Now dare I venture twenty pound,
 They'l be amongst his *Trinckets* found.

Vulc. Faith, and assure thy self I'll try,
 Is the young Thief indeed so sly?
 Such lucky *Chucks* there's so great need on,
 Wee'l keep this hopeful Youth to breed on.
 A precious *Pepin*, and a trim,
 A right *Arch-bird*, I'll warrant him.
 An *Infant* quotha! marry hang him,
 If he were mine I would so bang him.
 What were my Tonges too hot I trow,
 To stick to your small fingers so?

I'll

I'll make a Burn mark with a T,
 To fift you with Sir *Mercury*.
 But I'm astonish't at the Lad,
 How he so soon could learn his trade,
 He learn't (to be a *Rogue* so pure)
 To steal in's *Mother's* belly sure.

Apollo. These are his recreations these;
 But he has other *Qualities*.
 Mark but that nimble tongue of his,
 What a pert prating *Urchin* 'tis.
 His mouth will one day be a spout
 Of Eloquence without all doubt.
 Hee'll be an *Orator*, I warrant,
 And if he be not, let me hear on't:
 And a prime Wrestler as e're *tript*,
 Ere gave the *Cornish Hug*, or *Hipt*;
 Or I am much mistaken in him;
 And any one would say't had seen him:
 For he already has at first,
 Put *Monsieur Cupid* to the worst,
 And gave him such a dreadful fall,
 I thought had broke his bones withal;

In

In troth I ne're saw such another,
 But *Love* went puling to his *Mother*,
 Which as the *Gods* were laughing at,
 And *Venus* went to moan her *Brat*,
 Whilst she was kissing the small *Archer*,
 And drying's tears with Lawn handkercher,
 In comes that crafty Youth and fly,
 That little filching *Mercury*,
 And in a twinkling (I protest)
 Whips me away her am'rous *Cest*,
 Nay, and *Jove's Thunder* too had got,
 But 'twas too heavy and too hot,
 But yet his *Scepter* went to pot.

Vulc. By *Jupiter* a hardy Youth!

Apollo. Nay, he's a *Minstrel* too.

Vulc.

In truth!

Apollo. Yes faith, a better never plaid,
 Nay, and the little *Rogue* has made
 A *Fiddle* of a *Tortoise-shell*,
 On which he playes so rarely well,
 That he puts fair to put down me,
 Who am the *God* of *Harmony*.

His

His *Mother's* troubled at his wayes;
 He never sleeps a-nights she sayes;
 But goes, for all that she can say,
 As far as *Hell* to seek for prey,
 And he has got, by flight of hand,
 A most incomparable wand;
 Of so strange vertue, that 'tis sed,
 It with a waft does raise the dead,
 And both the dead from *Death* can save,
 And send the living to the *Grave*.

Vulc. Nay, nay, of that I must acquit him;
 For I to play withal did get-him.

Apollo. That's well, and he in recompence
 Has stol'n away thy Pincers hence.

Vulc. S'nigs, well remembred! I'll be gone
 To search his corners for my own:
 And if I find 'um in his Cradle,
 Take it from me his sides I'll swaddle.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Vulcan and Jupiter.

Vul. **H**ere, I have brought thee home a *hatchet*,
 If any Smith for temper match it,
 Or edge, I'll say no more but so,
 I'll ne're strike stroke more whilst I blow.
 And now 'tis here new from the *Smithy*,
 What must we do with it, I prethee?

Jupit. Why cleave my head in two with it.

Vulc. How, cleave thy head, the *De'el* a bit!
 Thou say'st so but to try my wit.
 But tell me quickly, prethee do,
 What use thou'lt have it put unto;
 For I *Sol's Coach horses* must see?

Jupit. Why, for to cleave my head in two.
 I am in earnest, therefore do it,
 Or (thou lame *Rascal*) thou shalt rue it;
 And if thou bee'st so shie of mine,
 Beware that great *Calves-head* of thine;

Fear

Fear not, but strike with might and main,
For my Scalp splits with very pain,
And I do suffer all the *Throes*
A woman in her labour does.

Vulc. In labour quotha, 't may be so :
But let's consider what we do ;
For, I'me afraid, I hardly shoo'd
Lay thee as *Dame Lucina* woo'd.

Jupit. Wilt thou leave prating sirrah once;
Least I make bold with thy wise sconce :
Do thou but strike courageously,
And home, and leave the rest to me.

Vulc. Why *Jupiter*, if thee I kill,
Bear witness 'tis against my will:
There is no help, I must obey,
Have at thy *Coxcomb* then I say,
For with this *Butchers* blow of mine,
I'll cleave thee down unto the *Chine*.
Good Gods! no wonder if thy brains
Suffer'd intollerable pains,
When such a lusty strapping *Trull*
As this lay kicking in thy skull.

Nay;

Nay, and an *Amazon* to boot,
Which though not arm'd from head to foot,
Is furnish't yet to take the field,
And has both *Helmet*, *Launce*, and *Shield*.
'Twas breeding this brave Lass belike,
Made thee so cross and cholerick,
And yet the *Girl* (I vow and swear)
Is most incomparably fair :
Prethee, for having laid thee well,
Give me her for my Dowdabel ;
For though new-born, the Wench is able,
And I'll uphold her marriageable.

Jup. With all my heart I give her free ;
But thou'lt ne'er make her marry thee :
For she will never be a *Wife*,
But live a *Virgin* all her life.
Therefore ne'er offer to perswade her ;
For thou art sure to lose thy labour.

Vulc. Well, well, for that let me alone ;
I'll make her coming ten to one ;

I have been in my dayes a Blade
At winning of a pretty *Maid*,

F

And

And can bring this to my command,
As easily as kiss my hand,

Provided I have thy consent.

Jup. Why thou may'st try, but thou'lt repent.

D I A L O G U E.

Neptune and Mercury.

Nept. **H** Ark, Cofin *Mercury*, do'st hear,
 Could not one speak with *Jupiter*?

Merc. No, save thy labour, and be gone,
 Hee's busie, and will speak with none.

Nept. But, prethee, let him know 'tis I.

Merc. I tell thee hee'l see no body,
 And therefore prethee go thy way;
 For hee'l be seen of none to day.

Nept. Are he and's wife, if one may ask,
Making the beast with the two backs?

Merc. Could'st thou no other question find?
 They two but seldom are so kind.

Nept. Then *Ganimede* and hee's together.

& *Merc.* No truly Signior *Neptune* neither.

Nept.

Nept. What then? I'le know spite of thy nose.

Merc. You'lask me leave first, I suppose.

But hee's not well, will that suffice?

Nept. Not well! where is it his grief lies?

Merc. Why I'me aham'd to tell thee where.

Nept. What a * Relation so near!

* Brother
 to *Jupiter*.

Leave fooling (*Coz*) I prethee now,
 And tell me, for I long to know.

Merc. Why, since I see thou'lt not be sed,
 Know, that hee's newly brought to bed.

Nept. How! this is monstrous by this light!
 What is he an *Hermaphrodite*?
 I ne're perceiv'd his Belly rise
 Above the ordinary size.

Merc. That's likely; neither, I must tell ye,
 Was he deliver'd from his Belly.

Nept. From what part then? was't from his head,
 As when he his *Minerva* bred?
 Is that deliver'd once again?
 He has a wondrous fruitful brain.

Merc. No this Birth issu'd from his Thigh.

Nept. Go firrah, now I know you lye.

What wouldst thou have me such a *Noddy*,
To think he Spawns all o're his Body.

Merc. Well, but there is more in't then so,
And thou the truth of all shalt know.
Juno, whose spiteful Jealousie
Thou know'st I'm sure as well as I,
In Malice, *Semele* perswades
(One of his best beloved *Fades*)
Since *Jupiter* did her so honor,
As Children to beget upon her :
She so much kindness had for her,
That she no longer should incur
A Common *Lemman's* imputation :
But for her better reputation,
No more with him in private lye :
But make him own her publicly.
Therefore my *Semele* (quoth she)
Prethee for once be rul'd by me,
And if he have true kindness for thee,
Make him come next in all his glory,
Not sneaking in a mean disguise
Like Rogues to midnight Letheries :

But

But like himself roab'd round with wonder,
And with his *Lightning* and his *Thunder* :
So all will honor and adore thee,
Who now despise thee, and abhor thee.

The *Girl* thus tickled in the Ear,
And proud her self as *Lucifer*,
So order'd it with this great *King*,
Whom Whores can make do any thing,
That he came next in this attire :
But then before he could come nigh her
His Lightning set the Room on fire,
And with its all consuming flashes,
Reduc't the Room and House to ashes.
In which case, all that we could do
Was but to save the *Embrio* :
(For she was then with Child, bee't known,
By *Jupiter*, and seven Months gone)
Which ripping from her Belly, I
Put warm into thy Brothers thigh,
There to compleat the term requir'd ;
Which being but just now expir'd ,
He's brought to Bed, and truth to speak,

F 3 .

With

With his hard labour very weak.

Nept. And where is this same twice-born *Chit*?

Merc. To *Nysa* I have carri'd it,
By the *Nymphs* there to be brought up,
Who knowing he will be given t' th' *Cup*;
And in hard drinking very vitious,
Have aptly Nam'd him *Dionysius*.

Nept. Then of this Child hee's *Syre* and *Dam*,
And it may call him *Dad* and *Mam*?

Merc. Yes truly, it is even so,
He any of these may answer to :
But I can't stay to tell thee more ;
For I should have been gone before,
And in this stay have done amiss
To prate at such a time as this.
I now must use both heels and wings,
Water to fetch, and other things
For *Child-bed women*, and had need
Repair my negligence with speed :
All the good wives else will me blame,
For now I the *Man-midwife* am.

D I A L O G U E.

Mercury and the *Sun*.

Merc. *Jove* (*Sol*) commands thee by me here
To stop thy Steeds in their *Careere*,

For the full space of three whole dayes
He will not have thee shine, he sayes :

But thou art to conceal thy light,
For he will have that term all night.

Therefore I think it thy best Course is,
To let the *Hours* unteam thy *Horses*,
Get a good *Night-cap* on thy Head,
But out thy *Torch*, and go to Bed.

Sol. Tis an extravagant Command,
And that I do not understand.

What I have done, I fain would know,
That *Jupiter* should use me so?

What fault committed in my place
To put upon me this disgrace?

Have I not ever kept my *Horse*
In the precincts of their due *Course* ;

Or though twelve *Inns* are in my way,
 Did I e're drink, or stop, or stay?
 Bear witness all the *God's* in *Heav'n*
 If I've not duly *Morn*, and *Even*,
Rosen, and set, and care did take
 To keep touch with the *Almanack*.
 What then my fault is, I confess,
 If I should dye, I cannot guess:
 And why he should, much less I know
 Suspend me *ab officio*.

It sure must be a great offence
 Deserves the worst of punishments,
 As this is he on me doth lay,
 That *Night* must triumph over *Day*.

Merc. Fie, what a clutter dost thou make,
 And all about a meer mistake:
 Thou talk'st of anger, and disgrace,
 There's no such matter in the case.
 Thou wide art of his meaning quite,
 He bids thee to withdraw thy light,
 That for three dayes it may not shine
 In order to a great design

He

He has that won't endure the Sun,
 But is by *Owl-light* to be done.

Sol. Faith tell me that design of his,
 What he's about, and where he is.

Merc. I'll tell thee, if thou needs will know,
 He's Cuckolding *Amphytrio*.

Sol. 'Tis very fine, and won't one Night
 Take the edge off his Appetite?
 Cannot one *Night* give him enough?
 Is the old *Letcher* still so tough,
 A *Swinge-bow* of so high renown,

A Wench can't sooner take him down?

Merc. No, but he means to get of her
 A very mighty *Man of War*,

Of heart most stout, and limbs most vast,
 Which is not to be done in hast:

But of another kind of fashion,
 Then ev'ry common Generation.

Sol. Why let him lay about him then
 To finish this great Man of Men:
 But let me tell thee, these strange wayes
 Were not in use in *Saturn's* dayes.

He

He ne're left *Rhea* in his life
 To letcher with anothers wife :
 But for one whore now (which is scurvy)
 All things must turn'd be *topsy-turvy*.
 In the mean time 'tis ten to one
 My horses will be *Resty* grown,
 For want of use, and thorns I know
 In my *Garere* will spring, and grow ;
 And Mankind must in darkness languish
 Whilst he his bawdy *Launce* does brandish,
 And stews himself in his own grease,
 To get this admirable piece.

Mere. Peace, peace, friend *Sol*, no more of that;
 Least he do teach thee how to prate.
 In the mean time I must be gone
 With the same message to the *Moon*,
 To keep within, and vail her face,
 As many *Nights*, as thou dost *Dayes*.
 My last Commission is to *Sleep*,
 That *Mortal*'s eyes he so long keep
 Seal'd up in rest, and all the while
 Feed them with *Dreams*, time to beguile,

That

That when thy light unseals their eyes,
 (And then it will be time to rise)
 They may when that day does begin,
 Not know how long a night 't has been.

DIALOGUE.

Venus and the *Moon*.

Ven. TELL me my pale complexion'd *Lass*
 Bright *Cynthia*, how comes this to
 (pass,

That thou'rt accus'd of things, I swear,
 I'me sorry, and ashamed to hear?
 It is reported every where
 That thou in mid'st of thy *Careere*,
 Thy *Chariot* often stop'st, and there,
 (Which is a piece of impudence)
 Under a pitiful pretence,
 Of making water, steal'st i'th' Night
 T'a Hunter that *Endymion* hight.
 Where (little to thy praise be it spoken)
 His Visage thou do'st gaze, and look on

(Which

(Which none but your light Husbands do)
 As thou would'st look him through, and through
 Whil'st he, not dreaming of thy folly,
 Lies gaping like a great *Lob-lolly*,
 On *Carian Latmus* loudly snoring,
 Insensible of thy *Amoring*.
 Nay, if the lumpish Boy should wake,
 Thy kisses hee'd not kindly take ;
 Nor would he understand thy passion
 At all to be an obligation.

Luna. Why 'tis that *Nere-be-good* thy Son,
 Has made me do what I have done.

Venus. I, hang him little *Gallow-strings*,
 He does a thousand of these things,
 And well may do it to another,
 That spares not me who am his *Mother*.
 He set me so upon the *Hy-day*,
 As made me oft descend on *Ida*.
 To get *Anchises*, young and able,
 Make me a handle to my *Ladle* :
 And to Mount *Libanus* t' *Adonis*,
 (Who, rest go with him, dead and gone is)

But

But then the Boy was wholly mine,
 'Till stole away by *Proserpine*,
 Who, to speak plain, and not to lye,
 Had a sweet Tooth as well as I ;
 And kept him for her Drudgery.
 'Till seeing me to weep and mourn,
 She sent him me sometimes in turn ;
 For which his pranks, I'll tell thee what,
 I threatned have the graceless *Brat*
 A hundred times at least, I know,
 To break his *Quiver* and his *Bow*,
 To clip his wings, and play debar him,
 And every thing I thought would scare him.
 Nay, but last day, I tell thee true,
 I plainly took my Youth to do,
 And with one of my *Shoes* with *Claps*,
 Whip't me the roguey *Jack-an-apes*,
 Until I had almost fetch't blood :
 But all I see will do no good ;
 He quickly has forgot the pain,
 And does the same thing o're again,
 And so he will do still, but tell though,

Is

Is *thy Sweet-heart* a pretty *Fellow*?
 For if he's handsome, or have wit,
 There is in that some comfort yet.
Luna. Thou know'st no *Loves* do foul appear:
 But it is true, I can't forbear
 Staring and gazing in his face,
 When coming weary from the *Chace*,
 His Mantle he on ground does spread,
 And falls asleep, leaning his head
 On his right arm, which does embrace,
 Being twin'd about his head, his face,
 Whil'st from his left his *Arrows* all,
 Do dropping negligently fall.
 Then stealing, and on *Tip-toe* too,
 As folks to make less noise still do,
 For fear of waking him; I there
 Perceive his breath perfume the Air,
 And in soft breathings yield a sent
 So ravishing, and redolent,
 That I am forc't to sit down by him
 And sigh, and kifs, and kissing eye-him;
 When sitting thus, and sometimes stealing

A little little touch of feeling,
 Whil'st I still gaz'd upon his face,
 It tingles in a certain place
 To that degree, that I protest——
 I know thou now can'st guess the rest,
 As having in thy self made proof.
 Thou know'st what Love is well enough:
 But then, O then, I am all fire,
 And even ready to expire.

D I A L O G U E.

Venus and Cupid.

(make !

Venus. **W**Hy what work (Sirrah) do'st thou
 Thou ev'ry hour mak'st my heartake
 For fear of thee, thou graceless *Whelp*,
 In doing things I cannot help.
 I do not, *Rake-hell*, mean those pranks
 (Though even they deserve small thanks)
 Thou play'st on *Earth*, where thou hast done
 The strangest things that e're were known,

Set

Set men a rambling, women gadding,
 Young, old, sound, lame, and all a madding :
 Fill'd the whole world with dismal cries
 Of *Incests, Rapes, Adulteries,*
 In stead of harmless recreation
 Allow'd in simple *Fornication* :
 Nor is the common *Rout* alone
 Subject to thy *Dominion* :
 But thou hast made the greatest *Kings*
 Do more, nay, yet more senseless things,
 Than th'errants (as one may 'um call)
Tag-rag Plebeans on 'um all.
 Yet still these People Mortals be,
 And subject to thy *Deity* ;
 Nor (though blame-worthy) is th'offence
 Of such a dangerous consequence,
 As those thou do'st commit above,
 Where thou confound'st us all with love,
 Ev'n the *Gods King* thou do'st not spare,
 But mak'st the mighty *Thunderer*
 Better to play his amorous prizes,
 Put on ridiculous disguises,

Whil'st

Whil'st *Jupiter* we all despise,
 (Who one would think should be more wise) }
 For those his childish *Mummings*.
 Next unto *Carian Latmus* crown
 Thou mak'st the sober *Moon* come down,
 Than whom a better fame had none,
 To visit her *Endymion*.
 The Sun, who diligent wont to be,
 Thou mak'st to stay with *Climene*,
 Neglecting his *diurnal Courses*,
 And turn to grafs his fiery *Horses*.
 Sans naming, thou mischievous *Else*,
 What thou hast done to me my self,
 Who though thy *Dam*, and a fond *Mother*,
 Thou hast us'd worse than any other :
 Yet these (though such things ne'r were heard on)
 Were yet within the pale of pardon,
 And might in time have been o'reblown,
 Had'st thou let *Cybele* alone :
 But to attaque a poor old *Mumps*,
 Whose teeth were long since turn'd to stumps,

G

Great

Great *Grannam* to so many *Gods*,
 Deserves a whole Cart-load of *Rods*.
 And thus to make a poor old *Trot*
 Fly raging up and down (I wot)
 Set in her *Chariot* drawn with *Lyons*,
 And bidding Gravity defiance,
 As if she were stark staring mad,
 After a Scurvy-shit-breech *Lad*,
 And even of Stocks, and Stones enquire
 Of *Atys*, her small *Apple-squire*,
 Is such a thing (my graceless Son)
 As certainly was never done.
 Nor in her inquisition,
 Does she yet play the fool alone;
 But which is a most gross mistake,
 And does her shame more publick make,
 She does ev'n here her State maintain,
 And goes with all her *Jugling Train*
 Of *Corybantes* at her heels,
 Who as their brains were set on wheels,
 Disperse themselves all over *Ide*,
 Whooping aloud on every side

(No

(No wiser than their mad old Dame)
 Calling and whooping *Atys* Name.
 Where some in fury are so woo'd,
 As with one arm t'let t'other blood,
 Some weep in blood, and some in tears,
 Some with their hair about their ears
 Run headlong down the Precipices,
 Enough to dash themselves in peices.
 One winds a *Horn* with mighty labor,
 Another thumbs it on a *Tabor*,
 Another a *Brass-pan* employes,
 Others use *Cymbals*, *Shanmes*, *Hoboys*
 Or any thing will make a noise.
 With which they make that hideous din,
 That the whole Mountain ring's agin.
 Nay so obstreperous they are,
 And make that dismal *Tintamare*,
 What with their yelling, and their tink'ing,
 That unto any Mortal's thinking,
 Hell is broke loose, it sounds so odd,
 And all the *Devils* got abroad.
 Which makes me fear for these offences,
 If e're th'old *Hagg* to her own Sences

G 2

Return

Return again, she will on thee
 Direly revenge this *Roguery*,
 And either without Form or *Jury*,
 Presently kill thee in her fury,
 Or else unto her *Lyons* throw,
 Or *Priests*, the fiercer of the two.
Cap. Your care's worth thanks, but truly *Mother*,
 I neither fear the one, nor th' other ;
 For her *Priests* fury I not weigh't,
 They all are too effeminate ;
 Nor of her *Lyons* fearful am ;
 For those already I've made tame,
 So tame, that often I astride
 A *cock-horse* on their back do ride,
 Spur 'um, and by their shaggy mains,
 Guide 'um as easie as with reins,
 Play with their beards, their lips, their paws,
 Make 'um extend their crooked clawes,
 Nay, thrust into their mouths my fist,
 And do with 'um e'en what my list.
 And then for *Rhea*, *Mother*, she }
 Too busie is, I warrant ye, }
 About her Love to think of me. }

But

But after all this scolding now,
Mother, I very fain would know,
 Wherein I've done so much a miss,
 When all I've done's but only this,
 To make that lov'd that lovely is.
 Which why it should be thus resented,
 I know not ; would you be contented
 To have *Mars* cur'd (faith now tell true)
 O'th' passion that he has for you ?
Venus. That thou art a malicious *Brat*,
 To say so damn'd a thing as that ;
 But, *Sirrah*, one day possibly,
 Thou'lt think of what I've said to thee.

D I A L O G U E.

Hercules, Æsculapius, and Jupiter.

J. **W**Hy what *Sir's*, are you both stark mad!
 Is there no reverence to be had ?
 Are you not both aſham'd to brawl,
 And make this buſtie in the Hall,
 Together thus by th' Ears to fall
 Like *Rogues*, and one another maul

The Scoffer Scott.

With Pots and Juggs, and all things shuffle,
 As you were at a *Counter-scuffle*?
 D'ee make an *Ale-house* of my *House*!
 If I reach one of ye a *Douse*
 You'l learn more manners, than to brabble,
 And make an uproar at my Table.

Herc. Is it fit, *Father*, that this *Jack*,
 This paltry *Mountebancking Quack*,
 This *Siringe*, *Glistpipe* before ye,
 This *Leech*, this vile *Suppository*,
 This *son of twenty thousand Fathers*,
 This *pack of Gally-pots and Bladders*,
 Before this heav'nly Company
 Should offer to take place of me?

Æsculap. *Sirrah*, my noble Art disdains
 All these abominable names
 Thou vomits forth so fluently;
 Nor does the *Quack* belong to me;
 Thy *Mountebanck*, I do disclaim,
 It my Profession can't defame,
 No *Hocus* nor no *Leech* I am:
 But the renowned *God of Phy-sick*,
 Who cure my Patients when they lye-sick.

Thy

The Scoffer Scott.

Thy better (*Russian*) in desert;
 Or his, whoever takes thy part.

Herc. In what (*Imposter*) would'st thou be
 Thought the advantage t'ave of me?

Is it because a *Thunder-clap*
 Gave that *Calves-head* of thine a rap,
 A due reward for the desert
 Of thy vast knowledge and great Art?
 For (*Master Doctor*) in pure pity
 Great *Jove* did only here admit ye.

Æscul. It does become thee well, I faith,
 Thus to reproach me with my death,
 Having thy self without Reprieve
 On *Oëtas* top been burnt alive
 For an example unto all,
 Like a notorious *Criminal*.

Herc. But that was voluntary yet,
 After I had with labour great
 (Since my own acts I must rehearse)
 Of *Monsters* purg'd the *Universe*.
 But what hast thou done for thy part,
 With all thy so much boasted *Art*,

G 4

But

But *Emp'rick*-like, impos'd thy cheats,
By vertue of some stol'n receipts,
Which, set off with a brazen face,
Perhaps at *Country Fairs* might pass?

Æscul. Thou say'st well, for 'twas I apply'd
The *Unguent* to thy roasted *Hide*,
When thou cam'st hither (*Captain Swasher*)
Scorch't like a *Herring*, or a *Rasber*,
Sing'd like a *Hog* (foh! thou stink'st still)
And spitch-cock't like a salted *Eele*:
But I, like thee, have never bin
Prentice t'a Whore to learn to spin,
A little domineering *Trull*
That made the big-bond *Booby* pull
Course Hempen-Hurds, flaver, and twine
A thread, no doubt, as *Cart-rope* fine;
And when the aukward *Gluster-fist*,
(As he did oft) his Lesson miss't,
And broke a thred, then you might see'r
Take him a wherit on the Eare,
Calling him *Dunce*, and *Logger-head*,
Whilst the tall Souldier quak't for dread.

Nor

Nor (*Sirrah Sawce-box*) dost thou hear,
I ne're was yet the murtherer
Of my own Wife; nor yet did I
E're slaughter my own *Progeny*,
Who *Innocents* could none provoke:
"As thou hast, to thy praise be't spoke.
Her. 'Twere good thou leftst thy prating (*Far-
rier*)
And quickly too, or this tall warriour,
Whom thou so seemest to despise,
Will kick thee headlong from the skies,
And make thee from the *Christal Vault*
Take such a dainty *Somer-fault*,
That when thou comest to the ground,
Thy neck I doubt will scarce be found.
Thou then may'st try thy skill in vain,
And strive to set it right again,
When all thy art will never do't,
Physick, and *Chirurgery* to boot.
Æsc. Thou kick me down, thou vap'ring Scab!
Thou kists the *But-end* of a *Drab*.
Thou spin'st already, and shalt feel
I have a fist will teach thee Reel.

Let's

Let's have fair play, and make a *Round*,
 I'll cuff with thee for twenty pound :
 Or I will meet thee where thou wo't,
 Either with Seconds, or without,
 With any Weapon thou dost like
 Betwixt a *Bodkin* and a *Pike*,
 Where I will pay thee thy desert ;
 And (thou great *Lubber*) though thou art
 A pretty fellow with thy *Club*,
 I will thy Lyons skin so drub,
 If once thou dar'st to bide me battle,
 Thy bones shall underneath it rattle.

Jap. Basta! no more you wrangling *Turds*,
 Give o're these *Coster-mongers* words,
 Or I protest (which I am loth)
 I'll by the shoulders thrust you both
 Out of my Hall, and eke my doors,
 And pack you down 'mongst *Oyster-whores*,
Porters, and *Tripe-women* to prate,
 And cuff it out at *Billings-gate*.
 But first I the dispute will end,
 For which so sweetly you contend.

Know

Know then (my brace of ill-bred *Huffers*)
 You pair of brawling drunken *Cuffers*,
 You neither of you here have place,
 But meerly of my special grace ;
 And therefore two great *Coxcombs* are
 Here to begin a Civil war,
 And for a thing to keep ado
 Y'ave neither of you title to.
 But henceforth (ye unmanner'd *Asses*)
 That you may know your worships places,
 And no more such a rumble keep,
 I'll have it go by *Eldership*,
 And as the *Doctor* older is,
 So the precedence shall be his.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Mercury and Apollo.

Merc. **A** *Pollo*, what's the matter pray
You look so mustily to day?

Apollo. Why never any, certainly,
Was yet so cross't in love as I;
And any else, I think, would dye of
Half the mischievous luck that I have.

Merc. Hast thou new cause with *Fate* to quarrel,
Since *Daphne* turn'd was to a *Laurel*?

Apollo. Oh yes, yes, yes, my honest Friend,
My *Hyacinthus* timeless end.

Merc. Who of his murther was the Author?

Apollo. My self am guilty of the slaughter.

Merc. What did'st thou do it in thy fury?
Thou'rt passionate:

Apollo. No, I assure ye,
The passion I had for that Creature
Was of another sort of nature;

But

But playing with the Boy at *Mall*
(I rue the time, and ever shall)
I strooke the *Ball*, I know not how,
(For that is not the play you know)
A pretty height into the Air,
When *Zephirus* (who't seems was there)
And long (as thou thy self hast seen)
Has jealous of our friendship been,
Beat down the Ball, without Remorse,
With such a most confounded force,
And gave his head so damn'd a thumm,
As breaking *Pericranium*,
Scalpe, *Dura*, and eke *Pia Mater*,
His Brains came poppling out like water,
And the Boy dy'de so prettily,
'Twould e'en have done one good to see.
I presently pursu'd the *Traytor*,
T've been reveng'd; but no such matter.
I nockt an arrow to have shot him;
But he soon out of distance got him.
Besides, although in a *long Bow*
I shoot as well as most I know,

Yet

Yet (like a *Dunce*) I ne're could yet
 The knack of shooting flying get.
 He was too swift, and I too slow
 To overtake the wind I throw.
 So seeing then the bloody slave
 Got into *Aeolus* his *Cave*,
 I back to my departed *Joy*,
 Where taking up the lovely *Boy*,
 I honourably brought him home,
 And built him a most stately Tomb;
 Where my *Attours*, and he for ever,
 Are buried, and entomb'd together.
 And yet my *Sweet-heart* to survive,
 And keep my *Comfort* still alive,
 I from his blood have caus'd to spring
 A flower, the pretty'st baubling thing
 For beauty, and for sweetness too,
 On the *Earth's* womb that ever grew.
 Which also in its foliage wears
 Some *Hieroglyphick Characters*,
 Whose sence in mystick figures bears
 The story of my sighs and tears.

And

And yet alas, for all I strive
 My rooted sorrow to deceive,
 By all the most diverting ways,
 I must lament him all my days.

Merc. Then friend *Apollo* thou art not
 The *God* of *Wisdom*, but a *Sot* :
 'For those who will descend so far,
 As to love things that mortal are,
 Must for events like these prepare.
 Mortals to Fate are subject all,
 Who sooner must, or later fall :
 And the word *Mortal* does imply
 That they are only born to dye.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Apollo and Mercury.

Merc. **T**IS a strange thing methinks, *Apollo*,
That this foul Thief all snutch't
(with collow,

This *Vulcan*, this old limping *Rogue*,
This nasty, swarthy, ill-look't *Dog*,
Should have the luck to marry these
So fair, so handsome *Goddesses*.
Nay more (which makes me hate the slave)
The very fairest that we have :
Nor can it sink into my pate
How they can hugg so foul a *Mate* ;
Or when from's forge he comes at night,
In that same nasty stinking plight,
All foot, and sweat, so black and grim,
How they can go to bed to him :
Or rather not abhor, and fear him,
And even vomit to come near him.

Apollo.

Apollo. Why ? 'tis a wonder certainly
To ev'ry one, especially
One so unfortunate as I.

Who though (I speak *sans* vanity)
I'm something better made than he,
Not to say more, nevertheless,
Despair of so much happiness.

Merc. It too much purpose is for thee
To boast thy *Form*, and *Harmony*.
These Cattle care not of a figg
For thy fine frizled *Periwigg* ;
Nor thy well playing of a *Figg* :
As little would it profit me
To brag of my *activity* ;
That I can wrestle, leap, and run,
And fell a *Rogue* with my *Battoon*.
Nor better favour should I gain
By shewing them *Leger-demain*.
No, no ! I see these are not arts,
To conquer the *Madona's* hearts ;
And we at *Bed-time*, when all's done,
Shall find that we must lye alone :

H

What

Whilst a *Mechanick Cripple* here,
 (Who doubtless does a Vizor wear;
 Or has the worst of all ill faces)
 Is towing *Venus*, and the *Graces*.

Apollo. Thy fortune yet's not quite so bad:
 Thou some *luck* in thy life hast had.
 Thou something hast to brag on yet,
 One fit with *Venus* thou wast great;
 When from your mutual delight
 There sprang a rare *Hermaphrodite*:
 But of two persons I ador'd,
 The one my love so much abhor'd,
 That rather than shee'd suffer me,
 She would be turn'd into a Tree:
 And th'other to my flame more true,
 I most unfortunately flew.
 But tell me how these handsome Lasses,
 Thy Mistres *Venus*, and the *Graces*,
 Can possibly so well agree;
 And live together quietly?
 How comes it neither Jealous are,
Venus of them, nor they of her?

Merc.

M. That's nothing strangewhere no great love is.
 Besides, fair *Venus* oft above is
 Passing her time most jocundly
 In *Heav'n*, with better *Company*.
 While th'other are constrain'd the while
 To stay with him in *Lemnos* Isle.
 And little wanton *Venus* cares
 Who with her in the *Black-smith* shares;
 She finer fellows has than he
 To help to do his *Drudgery*.
Mars, and she (*Jove* forgive 'um for't)
 Have now and then a night of sport,
 A youth of other kind of mettle,
 Than that old *outside of a Kettle*.

Apol. But dost thou think *Vulcan* does dream
 That *Captain Swash* does Cuckold him?

Merc. Nay faith he knows it well enough;
 But he so dreads that *man of Buff*,
 That whatsoe're he sees or hears,
 He dares not mutter for his Ears.
 Besides thou know'st, and oft hast seen't,
 How monst'rous rude and insolent

H 2

These

These huffing angry Boyes of War,
With pitiful Mechanicks are.

Apollo. Well, but I'm told the *Hob-nail-maker*
Is plotting for all that to take her,
And is contriving a strange *Gin*
To trap her and her *Bravo* in.

Merc. I can say nothing as to that,
But (betwixt friends) I'll tell thee what,
So her *Bumfiddle* I had clapt,
I'de be contented to be trapt.

D I A L O G U E.

Juno and Latona.

Juno. **I**N truth (*Latona*) thou dost bear
Such lovely *Brats* to *Jupiter*,
That I have thought it pity often,
They were not lawfully begotten.

Lat. They like their other Neighbours are,
Not over-foul, nor over-fair;
They pretty passable are though
(*Thank Jove*) the *Children* are so so:

But

But each one must not think to bear
So fine a peice as *Mulciber*.

Juno. I understand thee well enough.
Jeer on, *my back is broad enough*:

Vulcan is not so finely drest

As *Don Apollo*, 'tis confest;

Yet *Venus* (though he's not so trim)
Found in her heart to marry him.

And if the *Artizan* be lame,

We are for that mischance to blame,
For ev'ry one knows how it came.

But though a *Cripple* in his feet,

His hands do recompence it yet,

For better Workman never smote
With hammer whilst the Ir'n was hot.

'Tis he embellish't has the Skies

With all those pretty twinkling eyes:

'Tis he alone can undertake

Jupiter's Thunder-bolts to make;

Nay all the *Deities* beside

Are from his industry supply'd,

And he's put to't so to find wares

To furnish all his *Customers*,

H 3

That

The Scoffer Scott.

That oftentimes constrain'd they are
 To begg, intreat, and *speake him fair*
 To get him make their Iron-ware.
 They all are bound t'him (on my word)
Mars for his *Cuirace*, *Shield*, and *Sword*,
 The blustering *Æol* for his *Bident*,
 And *Neptune* for his massy *Trident*,
Ceres for *Sickles*, *Pan* for *Crooks*,
Pomona for her *Pruning-hooks*,
Priapus for his *Grafting-knives*,
 And *Sir Prometheus* for his *Gieves*.
 Nay hold! I have not yet half done,
 He's *Smith* and *Farrier* to the *Sun*,
 Does th' Iron-work his *Chariot* needs,
Shoes, *Bloods*, and *Drenches* both his *Steeds*,
 Of which the one the other day
 He of a *Gravel* cur'd, they say:
 And t'other of a *Fistula*.
 Nay, a new pair of wheels are made
 (The old ones being much decay'd)
 For which he makes such lasting *Fire*,
 As all the *Black-smiths* do admire:

Busbes

The Scoffer Scott.

Busbes the *Naves*, clouts th' *Axle-trees*,
 And twenty finer things than these.
 The *Goddeesses* are fain to wooe him,
 And come to be beholding to him
 To make their *Needles*, and their *Shears*;
 And those fine *Pattens* his wife wears,
 Are of his making too she swears.
 By which it evident appears
 He's best at any Iron thing
 That ever made an *Anvile* ring.
 But that great ramping *Fuss*, thy Daughter,
 A *mankind Trull*, inur'd to slaughter,
 To the *soft Sex's* foul disgrace,
 Rambles about from place to place,
 And even as far as *Scythia* ranges,
 Where murther she for love exchanges,
 And without *sense*, *grace*, or *good manners*,
 Butchers her courteous entertainers.
 In this more fierce and cruel far.
 Than the most bloody *Scythians* are.
 And then thy Son, that hopeful piece,
Apollo, *Jack-of-all-Trades* is:

H 4

Of

Of many Arts forsooth he's Master,
 An *Archer*, *Fidler*, *Poetaster*,
 A kind of *Salt'in-banco* too,
 Who thorough Provinces does go
 And kills *cum Privilegio*.
 Nay, he pretends to more then this,
 He set's up *Oracle-shops* in *Greece*,
 At *Delphos*, *Didyma*, and *Claros*,
 To each of which he hath a *Ware-house*
 Stuff't full of lies, for great and small,
 To gull poor silly Souls withal.
 Yet so that all his fustion fictions
 (Which he pretends to be predictions)
 Though ev'ry one of them a lye,
 Are couch't so wondrous cunningly,
 That howsoe're things come about,
He has a back-door to get out.
 In the mean time the world abounding
 With Puppy's (that it seems scap't drowning)
 By these *Impostours*, and damn'd *Cheats*,
 Of fools he store of money gets:
 But yet the wise too well do know
 His *Cheats*, to part with money so;

They

They find his skill in *Prophecy*.
 Who was so wise not to foresee
 That he one day against his will,
 Should his dear *Hyacinthus* kill;
 Nor that fair *Daphne*, his coy *Miss*,
 Would never like that face of his,
 For all he wears his beard so sprig,
 And has a fine *Gold Periwig*.
 I wonder then that thou should'st be
 Preferr'd thus before *Niobe*;
 Or that thy Issue should be thought
 Fairer than those that she hath brought.
Lat. Come, come, thy spite and malice few know
 Better than I do, *Madam Juno*!
 I know, but *care not of a Chip*
Where the shoe wrings your Ladiship.
 Thou'rt vex't unto the heart (I trow)
 To see my Children triumph so,
 And shine in Heaven as they do,
 And that they celebrated are,
 The one for beautiful and fair;
 And th' other for his skill so rare
 O'th' *Harp*, *Theorbo*, and *Guitarre*.

Juno.

Juno. What senseless things fond Mothers are,
Thou mak'st me laugh, I vow and swear,
To think thy Son thou should'st maintain
To be a good *Musitian*.

That miserable *Harper*, who
For raking his vile *Gridiron* so,
Instead of *Marস্যas* had been flead,
And had his skin strip't ore his head,
Had not the *nine* corrupted *Wenches*
Giv'n sentence 'gainst their *Consciences*.

As for thy Daughters *mighty grace*,
With her pale, full-moon, *platter-face*,
She such a very lovely piece is,
Aëteon was pull'd all to pieces
By his own *Hounds* (*ill manner'd Curs*,
Who did like *Dogs*, but th' fault was hers)

'Tis said for having seen her naked :
But who think that was all, mistake it :
For I can tell 'um in their ear,
She made them worry him for fear
He should *tell tales*, and blaze a story
(She knew must needs be detractory)

Of

Of what a filthy fulsome *Queen*,
He bathing had stark naked seen.
For the *Virginity* (forsooth)
She brags of, is a gross untruth ;
Alas a meer pretence, and what
• All women needs must titter at :
For she could never, if a *Maid*,
Practice so well the *Midwife's Trade*,
And be so skill'd in that affair,
Without experience, we may swear ;
And therefore she has had her share
Of doing too, I warrant her.

Latona. Well (*Juno*) well, I must dispense
With this thy railing insolence,
And she who is in *Bed*, and *Throne*,
Great *Jupiters Companion*,
May say her will to any one :
Or, else my haughty Dame, I wis,
Thou durst not talk such stuff as this.
Thou sett'st thy *Tippet* wond'rous high,
And rant'st, there is no coming nigh,
See what a goodly port she bears,
Making the pot with the two Ears !

But

But yet ere long, *I hold a goat*,
 That we shall hear thee change thy note.
 This pride will have a fall, no doubt,
 And we shall see thee lour and pout,
 And your insulting *Majesty*
 Tame as a Lamb, sit down, and cry,
 When wounded with some mortal beauty,
 Your *Goodman* shall forget his duty,
 And go to *Court* her at th'expende
 Of *Juno's due Benevolence*.

D I A L O G U E.

Apollo and Mercury.

Apol. **W**Hy how now (*Signior Mercury*)
 Y'are wonderfully rapt I see!

What is it makes your *Worship* pray
 So merry about the mouth to day?

Merc. Why, to see that that I have seen
 Would make a *Dog to break his spleen*;
 A sight (*Apollo*) that would make
 Thy heart-strings too with laughing crack.

Apollo.

Apollo. Govern thy mirth awhile, at least
 So long that I may hear the jeaft;
 So long that braying laughter spare,
 That I in turn may laugh my share.

Merc. Why our brave *Cavaliero Mars*
 (For laughing I can tell thee scarce,
 The Jeaft so pretty, and so odd is)
 Is napping tane with *Beauty's Goddess*.

Apollo. How tane! I prethee now be plainer,
 When, doing what, after what manner?

Merc. Just now, whilst *Sung* was Oxen shooing,
 And (in plain terms) at *down-right doing*,
 The manner thus: you are to know —
 Oh I could dye with laughing now!

Apollo. Thou tittring *Calf* I prethee cease,
 And either speak, or hold thy peace.

Mer. Why then be it known to all good-fellows,
 That *Vulcan* having long been Jealous
 Of an intrigue 'twixt his fair *Bride*
 And this same huffing *Iron-side*,
 It having held on many a year;
 The sinoaky *Lymps* did more than fear

He

The Scoffer Scott.

He had through *Venus* water Gap
 Stuck a *Bull's-feather* in his Cap :
 Which long has made him eye, and watch him,
 Hoping to find a time to catch him.
 He to this purpose then had set
 About his *Bed* so rare a Net,
 Made of so small, but holding Wire,
 (Wherein his art we all admire)
 As without very special heed,
 Was hardly to be seen indeed ;
 Which having unperceived laid,
 He careless went about his *Trade* :
 But scarcely was he gone an Acre,
 When in flips *Captain Cuckold-maker*,
 And whips me into *Bed* to's wife,
 Where whilst she whistled on the *Fife*,
 He beat (Oh never such a Drum !)
 A point of War upon her Bum.
 Now as they thus, with pleasing labour,
 Did jump and jig to Pipe, and Tabour,
 Playing in consort, and time keeping :
 The *Sun*, who ever must be peeping,

When

The Scoffer Scott.

When she, *Cocksure*, thought none was nigh 'um,
 Thorough the Glafs had Tuck to spy 'um,
 Which having done, away he goes ;
 And, out of Envy, I suppose
 (Of that methinks it rankly favours)
 Tells me lame *Vulcan* streight, that *Mavors*
 Whilst he at work did sweat and swelter,
 Was thundring *Venus*, *Helter-skelter*.
 At which the *God* with smutty face,
 Starting, as if to run a Race,
 Throws down his Tools, fans more ado,
 And tript it with his Patten-shoo
 So nimbly, that to (make it short)
 He come's i'th' middle of their sport,
 And like a cunning old *Trapanner*,
 Took the poor Lovers in *the manner*,
 And there, as one would take a Lark,
 Trap't the fair *Madam* and her *Spark*.
Venus confounded, you must think,
 Chop't down her hand to hide her *Chink*.
Mars tardy-tane, at first did fret,
 Struggled, and flutter'd in the Net ;

And

And strongly did about him lay,
 Thinking by force to make his way :
 When finding 'twas beyond his stress,
 He e'en was fain to acquiesce,
 (For striving made him but more fast):
 And to entreaties fell at last.
 But fair words *Vulcan* little heeded:
 He then to menaces proceeded,
 Making a kind of mixt *Oration*,
 Half *Kill, and Slay*, half *Supplication*.

Apollo. 'Tis very pleasant faith! and so
Vulcan (I warrant) let him go.

Merc. So far from that, that without shame,
 Civil regard to his Wives Fame,
 Or any sense on's own disgrace,
 He all the *Gods* unto the place
 Very judiciously has brought,
 To shew them what fine fish h'as caught ;
 Where now they are, and all become
 Spectators of his *Cuckoldome*.
 In the mean time the loving pair,
 Seeing themselves thus caught i'th' Snare,

Hang

Hang down their heads, and with shames wing,
 (For want of other covering)
 In bashful blushes do express
 They fain would hide their nakedness.

Apollo. But all this while is *dirty-face*
 So stupid, and so damn'd an Ass,
 As not to blush in such a case,
 At publishing his own disgrace?

Merc. Who he? why he of all the rest,
 Is the most ravish't with the Jest,
 And blushes no where does disclose,
 But where he always does in's Nose:
 Yet, though the sight be but unseemly,
 I envy this same *Mars* extreamly:
 To be surpriz'd in Bed with her,
 Who is of Goddesses the Star,
 With whom no other can compare,
 For sweetly excellently fair;
 Believ't *Apollo* is most rare!
 And then to be ty'd to her too,
 With Bonds that no one can undo;
 To her I say, than fairest fairer,
 O that's more ravishing and rarer!

I

Apollo.

Apollo. Thou speak'st so feelingly, I wis,
With such a tickling Emphasis,
As th'adst a mind to have it thought,
Thou would'st thy self be fain so caught.

Merc. Marry, who doubts it: I, or else
Would I had *Clapper* lost and *Bells*.
Do but go with me now, and see
Beauty in her Captivity;
And if thou bee'st not of my mind,
I then (my friend) shall be inclin'd,
Or to suspect that there may be
Something in't of frigidity;
Or wonder that thy continence,
Beholding so much excellence,
Should be so constant, and so great,
Which rare is in a *Carrot-pate*.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Juno and Jupiter.

Jun. **N**ere stir (thou mighty *God of Thunder*)
I cannot choose (methinks) but wonder
How thou canst be content to have
Such an effeminate drunken Knave
As *Bacchus* is to call thee Father!
If he were mine, I should much rather
Adopt, then such a *Rake-hell* own,
A soak't Dutch *Swabber* for my Son.
A drunken whelp, whose whole delight
Is Swinish swilling day and night,
With a loud Crew of hair-brain-Jades,
A knot of very fine Comrades:
Yet good enough for him they be,
And far more Masculine than he:
Whilst to their Tabors, and their Pipes;
He jolts about his swagging Tripes,
With his hair crisp't so neat and fine,
And crown'd with Chaplers of the Vine,

I 2

More

More like a *Morris-dancer* far,
Than any Son of *Jupiter*.

Jup. Yet this effeminate drunken *Sot*,
This *Swabber*, and I can't tell what,
With which thy over liberal Clapper,
Is pleas'd his merit to bespatter ;
Has in a very little space
Conquer'd both *Lydia* and *Thrace*,
Which are no common Victories :
Nay of the *Indies* too made prize,
After triumphantly he had
Their hussling *King* a Captive made,
For all's *Bravado's*, and his *Rants*,
And his *Life-guard* of *Elephants*.
Is this a despicable Son,
Who has so noble Conquests won ?
Nay, and (which yet appears more great)
Without the puther, toyl, and sweat,
The wounds, the blood, the smart, and pain,
With which all others Conquests gain ?
This fellow subjugates the Earth
In a perpetual roar of mirth,

Of

Of fidling, dancing, wenching, drinking,
When one would think he least was thinking
Of any such important matter ;
Or plotting things of that high nature :
And often (which is stranger yet)
At times when he seems most unfit
Either to act, or to command ;
So drunk he can nor go, nor stand.
And if at any time there are
Any so impudent to dare
Either to censure, or despise
His Jovial *Rites* and *Mysteries*,
He takes them in his Lime-twiggs freight,
And teaches them so well to prate,
That once (amongst a many other
Revenues dire) he made a * Mother
For an impiety like this
Tear her own Issue piece by piece :
And was not this, I fain would hear,
Worthy the Son of *Jupiter* !
And if he be (*as now adays*
Many young people take ill wayes)

* *Agave.*

The Scoffer Scott.

A *Toss-pot*, and a drunken *roft*,
 It alwayes is at his own cost,
 And none (for all's *Debauchery*)
 Can say so much as *black's his eye*.
 Besides, if he such things can do
 When drunk as *Drum*, or *Wheelbarrow*,
 What would not this *God of October*
 Perform, I prethee, when he's sober?

Juno. Why this is wonderfully fine!
 Wil't not proceed to praise (friend mine)
 His rare invention of the Vine,
 That parent of accursed Wine,
 After thou hast, with thine own eyes,
 Beheld the many miseries
 And mischief that the world disquiets,
Fray's, Blood-sheds, Rescues, Routs, and Riots,
Brawls, Brabbles, Skreeks, the Devil and all,
 Of which it is th' Original?

* *corius*. And that it cost the first * *Boon-blade*,
 To whom he this fine present made,
 Even his life, who had his brains
 Beat out his *Coxcomb* for his pains?

Jupit.

The Scoffer Scott.

Jup. Pish! pish! thou talk'st thou know'st
 (not what!

The Wine for this is not in fault;
 'Tis not the Wine, but the excess,
 That causes all this wickedness.
 Wine of it self's a generous Juice,
 Of which the right, and mod'rate use,
 Quickens man's wit, and cheers his heart,
 Gives vigour unto every part,
 And the whole man with fire supplies
 Both to design, and enterprize:
 But Jealousie and Envy make
 Your *Ladiship* thus ill to speak.
 There was a *Semele*, I trow,
 Who still sticks in thy stomach so,
 Thou else would'st have more wit, or shame,
 Than thus indifferently to blame,
 With thy eternal *bibble babble*,
 What's ill, with what is commendable.

D I A L O G U E.

Venus and Cupid.

Venus. Come on (*Sir Love*) since none is by,
 But your small Deity and I,
 I must examine you a little,
 And tell me true unto a tittle
Sirrah, it were your best, or else
 I'll jerk you with my *Pantables*:
 How comes it *Youth* to pass, that you,
 Who all the Deities subdue,
 And at thy pleasure canst make *Noddies*
 Of every *God*, and every *Goddeſs*;
 Nay even me doſt ſo enflame,
 Who (*Shit-breech*) thy own Mother am:
 But yet *Dame Pallas* can't not ſtir;
 As if (forſooth) alone for her
 Thou had'ſt no Arrows in thy Quiver,
 Nor yet a Torch to ſcinge her Liver?

Cupid. Why (to confeſs the truth) I ſpare her
 For no very good will I bear her:

But

But ſhe is ſuch a ſtrapping *Jade*,
In ſadneſs, Mother, I'me afraid
 To meddle with her: T'other day
 I for her in cloſe ambuſh lay,
 And a convenient ſtand had got,
 Intending to have pinck't her coat;
 And to that end had choſe an Arrow
 (With which I ſcorn to miſs a Sparrow)
 Had notch't it, and without all dread
 Had drawn it almoſt to the head,
 When by the snapping of a twigg,
 Eſpying me, ſhe look't ſo bigg,
 And did her Launce ſo fiercely brandiſh,
 My face turn'd whiter than your hand is;
 And I ſuch fear was ſtrook withal,
 That Bow and Shaft from hand did fall;
 Nay, I my ſelf came tumbling down,
 As ſhe had ſhot me with a frown,
 So ſuddainly, that, but my wings
 By voluntary flutterings
 Broke the main fury of my fall,
 I think I'de broke my neck withal.

And

And yet was not the swelch so ginger,
But that I sprain'd my little finger.

Venus. But *Mars* more dreadful is than she
For all her Launce, and Shield can be,
His looks were terrible and grim;
Yet thou art not afraid of him.

Cupid. I twice dare him e're once offend her:
He frankly does his arms surrender
To my dispose, nay very often
Calls me his *Iron-sides* to soften:
Whereas this sour *Pal-of-Ambree*
Huffs it, and looks askew at me,
And when the domineering *Drab*
Beheld me like a half fledg'd Squab,
Come fluttering headlong from the Bough;
Sirrah (quoth she) (thou *Bastard* thou)
If with thy famous Archery,
Thou dar'st to make a Butt of me,
Afore thy self my mortal *Favelin*
Shall in a moment be thy Navel in;
Or I will catch thee up by one
Of those fat stumps thou walk'st upon,

And

And give your *Rogueship* such a fwing,
As (*Monsieur Chitty-face*) shall fling
You and your implements to Hell:
And therefore (*Don*) consider well
Whom thou attack'st. Go Bird at other
Ladies of pleasure, shoot thy *Mother*,
She such a constant friend to Love is,
She'll take it for a Son-like office:
But level not at me thy *Tiller*:
For if thou do'st (thou pore-blind killer)
I've told thee what thou art to fear,
And I will do it, as I'm here.
Thus said, she (which not to dissemble)
Indeed law *Mother*, made me tremble,
And that too with so fierce a look,
As my poor heart could no way brook:
But like an *Aspen leaf* I shook,
And star'd, as I'd been planet-struck.
Which face so terrible appears
In that same steel *Montecut* of hers,
And then her *Sheldons* so full of dread,
With that steel *Scorpion's* head,

Which

Which drest up in a *Tour* of Snakes,
The sight so much more horrid makes,
That the remembrance makes me sweat;
Wds fish! methinks I see it yet.

Venus. Dame *Pallas*, and *Medusa's* head
Are mighty dang'rous things indeed:
But yet, for all this mighty fear,
Thou nothing mak'st of *Jupiter*
For all the *Thunder* he does bear.
But (*Sirrah*) after these excuses,
How comes it, that the Nine fair *Muses*,
Who *Gorgon's* head, nor thunder have,
Should scape thy darts, thou *juggling Knave*;
Who, for all thou to do art able,
Do still remain invulnerable.

Cupid. Why, faith I do those *Damsels* spare,
Out of the reverence that I bear
To their good singing; who when I
Happen into their Company,
Sing me, and that without intreaties,
Such *Sonnets*, *Madrigals*, and *Litties*,
As ravish me to tell you plainly,
For you know I love *Ballads* mainly.

I then were an ingrateful *Dog*,
Should I those Virgins set agog
With a mad flame, that nothing dreads,
And make them loose their Maidenheads:
By which their voices every one
Would be foul crack't, nay spoil'd and gone.

Venus. But what has *Dame Diana* done,
That thou should'st let her too alone?
Which way has she small (*Quiver-bearer*)
Oblig'd thy Deity to spare her?

Cupid. Oh that *Donzella*, by relation
Is tane up with another passion.

Venus. What passion's that of Love takes place?

Cupid. Why she's enamour'd of the *Chase*,
Wherein the lusty, well-breath'd *Dame*
So fast pursues the flying Game,
The Hart, and Hind, the Buck, and Doe,
And skirs through Woods, and Forrests so,
That should I stalk at her a year,
I ne're should get a shoot at her.

And to pursue her is no boot,
The *Damsel* is too swift of foot:

But

But for her *Brother*, that *Prince Prigg*,
 For all his dainty fanded *Wigg*,
 And that he shoots at fourteen-score,
 I think——

Venus. Thou need'st to say no more ;
 Thy bolts have oft his sides been thumping,
 I know thy meaning by thy mumping.

The Judgment of Paris. D I A L O G U E.

*Jupiter, Mercury, Paris, and the three
 Goddesses.*

Jup. **H** EY! (*Lacquay Mercury*) appear!

Merc. **H** *An't like your Majesty*, I'm here.

Jupit. Here (*Sirrah*) take this golden Apple
 And go where *Paris* tends his Cattle
 On *Ida's* top, to that sinug *Paris*,
 Who all the Shepherds much more fair is,
 That smooth-fac't *Trojan*, and acquaint him,
 That I of *Beauty* Judge appoint him,

Because

Because he is a pretty fellow,
 And sometimes makes his Neighbours yellow,
 And that he knows, though clad in frock,
 A *Woman from a Weather-cock*.

Come (*fair ones*) come, what are you doing?
 It is high time that you were going ;
 I'll not be Judge, I swear, that's flat ;
 I think I know enough for that:
 For if I should decide the strife
 Betwixt my *Daughters* and my *Wife*,
 Such matters I am so expert in,
 That two I should offend, that's certain!
 And to be plain, I mainly dread,
Pulling an old house o're my head.
 Then sithence I can please but one,
 I will e'ne fairly let t'alone:
 For you are three that for it grapple,
 And you all know there's but one Apple,
 And I could wish, were't I that gave it,
 That every one of you might have it:
 But none of you need doubt t'appear
 Before this new *Lord Chancellor*,

Don

Don Paris, who is to decide
 Your controverſie upon *Ide*,
 Though *Chanceries* admit no *Jury*;
 For he's a *King's Son* I aſſure ye,
 Deſcended from an honeſt Breed,
 Own Coſin here to *Ganimede*,
 So upright and ſo innocent,
 That you all ought to reſt content,
 And have no reaſon to eſchew him,
 But wholly put the matter to him.

Venus. For my part, *Father Jupiter*,
 I am content, and am ſo far
 From queſtioning, much more reſuſing
 Any for *Judge* is of thy chooſing,
 That I ſhould never doubt the matter,
 Were *Momus* ſelf the *Arbitrator*,
 And willingly to this ſubmit,
 Who, if he have ore eyes, or wit,
 Will ſurely underſtand the duty,
 That he, and all men owe to *Beauty*;
 And if my Rivals do conſent,
 For my part I am moſt content.

Juno.

Juno. I from the *Sentence* ſhall not budge,
 Though *Mars* himſelf were to be *Judge*,
 Although thy *Paramour* he be,
 And likely to incline to thee.

Jupit. Art thou *Minerva* too agreed?
 She bluſhes, and holds down her head.
 But modeſty's the Maiden's grace;
 Beſides I hate a brazen face,
 And thou wert vertuously rear'd,
Maids ſhould be ſeen, they ſay, not heard.

Therefore I ſee thou'rt too content,
 And modeſt ſilence gives conſent.
 Go on then in a happy hour,
 And let not thoſe who loſe look ſowre,
 Stomack th'award, nor bear a grudge
 To him whom I have made your Judge:
 For there is but one *Golden Ball*,
 Which can't be given to you all,
 Nor yet can ſeveral *Beauties* ſtrike
 The young mans liking all alike,
 And therefore he muſt giv't to one,
 Or keep't himſelf, and give it none.

K

Merc.

Merc. Come now y've heard your charge, I
 Let us be jogging, Ladies gay, (pray,
 And set forth towards *Phrygia*;
 I'll lead the best and nearest way,
 That you may neither stop nor stay,
 For such wild Cattle often stray.
 And for the bus'ness of the Ball,
 Never concern your selves at all,
 I know this *Paris* well enough,
 And of his dealing have had proof:
 He is a very honest *Younker*,
 A bonny Lad, and a great *Puncker*
 As out on's fight did ever thrust his —
 I warrant you he'll do you justice.

Venus. The *Character* thou giv'st the Youth,
 Does even ravish me in truth,
 I've heard none such this many a day:
 But is he marry'd, prethee say?

Merc. He was a *Batchellor* last *Friday*;

* *Onone.* But he a * Sweet-heart has on *Ida*,
 If I mistake not; but she is
 Some course, some home-spun, Rustick piece,
 That

That only now and then attends him,
 To draw the humor out offends him,
 A necessary piece of wealth,
 To keep his body in good health,
 With whom he playes to help digestion:
 But what makes thee to ask that question?
Venus. I know not how it came to pass,
 Of something else I thinking was.

Pallas. You nimble (*Monsieur Merc'ry*) there
Captain Conductor, do you hear,
 You ill discharge your trust (I trow)
 To hold discourse, and whisper so
 With *Madam Venus* on the way;
 Is that in your *Commission*, pray?

Merc. Why, if to pass the time we chat,
 What can you (*Madam*) make of that?
 'Twas no such secret, never fear it,
 That we talk't of, but you may hear it:
 She only ask't if *Paris* were
 A marry'd man, or Batcheller.

Pallas. And good-now, what is that to her?

Merc. Nay, what know I (my Lady fine)
 She sayes it was without design.

Pallas. And is he marry'd?

Merc. I think not;

For why should he be such a Sot,

As to go tye himself to one,

When all he speaks to are his own?

Pallas. What! is the fellow a meer *Bumkin*?

A down right Clod, or has he something

Of honor and ambition in him;

For thou it seems hast often seen him?

Merc. Why faith! the Fellow being young,

Of active limbs, and pretty strong,

And being Son unto a *King*,

I think he would give any thing,

Nay (on my Conscience) half his Cattle,

To signalize himself in Battle,

And would be glad 'mongst armed Bands,

To shew how tall he is on's hands,

Alwayes provided in the case

The *Roysters* would not spoil his face.

Venus. Why, look you now, I can connive at

Your two discoursing thus in private,

Who though you have much longer chatted,

Yet you see I'me not angry at it.

I'me

I'me of another kind of nature,

And no such froward, snappish *Creature*.

Merc. Nor is there cause here, I assure ye,

To put your *Ladiship* in fury;

For all she ask't me was no more

But just the same you did before,

And I return'd in answer too

The same to her I did to you:

But yet this little snapping Fray,

Has he'p't well onward on our way;

Help't us well onward only, said I!

Why we're past all the Stars already,

And over *Phrygia* now are come,

And so, fair *Ladies*, welcome home.

And see, *sweet Charges*, I have spy'd

The famous Mount ycleped *Ide*,

And now I come a little nigher,

I think I see your *Apple-squire*.

Juno. Where abouts is he, prethee shew,

For hang me if I see him now?

Merc. A little on your left hand, *Madam*,

Driving his Flocks I think to shade 'um.

K 3

O'th'

O'th' side of the high Mountain yonder,
 You there may see your *Costard-monger*.
 His flock lies open to your view,
 And yonder is his Cabbin too.

Juno. Where is this Youngster with a Pox,
 I see no Cabbins, nor no Flocks.

Merc. A better pair of eyes Jove send ye,
 I doubt your *Boon-grace* does offend ye,
 Your Maid'nhead hangs not in your light,
Jove is too good a *Carpet Knight*;
 I ne're saw th' like in all my dayes,
 Why he's as plain as *Nose on face*.
 Guide your eye by my finger here,
 Do you not see some Flocks appear
 Comming from out yon Rocks, pray speak,
 And one with Sheep-hook on his neck,
 Sending his Curr to fetch 'um in?
 They'r plain enough sure to be seen!

Juno. Oh, now I see'm, is that the Youth?

Merc. That *Madam's* even he in truth:
 But now that we are got so near,
 I think it good discretion were,

That

That ere we further go, we here
 Do make our stop, and light, for fear,
 Left whilst on us he least is studdying,
 Flutt'ring about his ears o'th' sudden,
 We should perhaps affright him so
 That the poor Shepheard should not know,
 Nor what to think, nor what to do.
 And he, who to determine is,
 Of such a Tickle-point as this,
 Had need to have his wits about him.

Juno. Which if he have, I nothing doubt him.
 So now w'are down, and now I pray,
 Let gooddy *Venus* lead the way,
 For doubtless she, of all the rest,
 Most reason has to know it best,
 As having oft to feed her vices,
 Been here to seek her friend *Anchises*.

Venus. Well *Governess* of *Heav'n's Commander*,
 It is well known thy tongue's no slander,
 Slander to her who slander broaches,
 I scorn both thee, and thy reproaches.

Merc. Fy! (Ladies) fy! is this your breeding,
 To squabble now you come to pleading!

K 4

But

But I shall this dispute decide,
 I my own self will be your guide;
 For I remember well when *Jove*
 Unto young *Ganymede* made love,
 I often on this Hill did light
 To see the little *Favourite*,
 To bring him Plums, and Mackaroons,
 Which welcome are to such small Grooms,
 And when he carry'd him away,
 I flew about 'um all the way,
 To hold him up, and we must be
 Neer to the place; for now I see
 (Or I mistake) the very *Rock*
 Where he sat piping to his flock,
 When *Jupiter* in shape of Eagle,
 Came the young stripling to inveigle,
 And seizing him like any Sparrow,
 With his beak holding his *Tiara*
 To make him sure, as swift as *Hobby*
 He bare him into Heavens Lobby,
 Whilst the poor *Boy*, half dead with fear,
 Writh'd back to view his Spiriter,

And

And then it was, that he let fall
 The Flute he piping was withal,
 When I, who will no gain let go by,
 Seeing my time, catch't up the *Hoboy*:
 But here is your *Commissioner*
 Of *Oyer*, and of *Terminer*,
 Let's civilly salute him, pray,
 And give his *Lordship* time o'th' day.
 Good day, thou top of Shepherds Fame.

Paris. To thee (fair Son) I wish the same.
 What Ladies are these pretty faces,
 Thou lead'st into these desert places?
 They are too fine, and tender sure,
 These scratching Brambles to endure.
Merc. Ladies! thou (*Paris*) moov'st my laughter,
 They'r *Deities* ev'ry *Mothers Daughter*.
 You have before you, I'de have you know,
Venus, *Minerva*, and *Queen Juno*.
 'Tis truth I tell you (*Sir*) and I
 Am *Cavaliero Mercury*.

What! thou turn'st colour (my good friend)
 And seem'st to be at thy wits end;

Take

Take courage (*Paris*) I exhort thee,
 We are not hither come to hurt thee ;
 But 'cause thy Judgment we approve,
 'Bove others in affairs of Love,
 And know thee for a *Fornicator*,
 We come to make thee *Arbitrator*,
 Of a long suit these *Goddeesses*
 Depending have i'th' *Common-pleas*,
 About priority of Beauty :
 And therefore (*Paris*) do thy duty.
 As to the rest the Victors meed,
 Thou may'st about this Apple read.

Paris. Let's see't. Hump ! what is written here?
Give this unto the Fairest Fair.
 Great Gods ! how should a mortal wit
 Be able to determine it !
 Too mean mans skill without dispute is,
 To judge of your immortal Beauties !
 To judge of such Cœlestial Lasses,
 A Swains capacity surpasses !
 Or if that any humane wit
 Were capable of doing it,

Some

Some Courtier it should be no doubt,
 Much rather than a Collin Clout.
 If I were put to it to tell
 Which of my sheep does bear the Bell ;
 Or to point out the fairest Goat ;
 I'de guess with any for a Groat ;
 And I have such good Judgment in it,
 That peradventure I might win it :
 But these are Beauties so divine,
 And all with such perfections shine,
 That a man's eye has much ado
 T'leave one to look on th'other two :
 But with the first's so captivated,
 From thence he hardly can translate it ;
 But 'tis there riveted, concluding
 That fairest is without disputing.
 Besides (to speak the truth) my sight
 So dazzled is with so much light
 Of Heav'nly Beauty, that I vow.
 Two eyes methinks are not enow ;
 But I at such a time as this
 Would be all eyes, as *Argus* is,

With

With fuller sight to look upon
So much, so rare perfections.
And yet, ev'n in that state, I fear,
One being wife to *Jupiter*,

The other two his *Daughters*, I
Should do very imprudently,
In a contest of this high nature,
As this for preference of Feature,
Either to meddle, or to make :
But as they brew, so let 'um bake.

Merc. You sometimes may discretion use,
But here you can nor will, nor choose ;
Jupiter sayes it shall be so,
And what that means you needs must know.
'Tis then in vain to prate, and babble,
His orders are irrevocable.

Paris. Why then have at 'um ! and let those
Whose luck 'twill be the prize to lose,
Blame their ill fortune, and not me ;
For I can please but one of three.

Merc. Nay they'r all bound to that already,
To judgment therefore, and be speedy.

Paris.

Paris. Why seeing that it must be so,
Stand out (*fair Ladies*) all arow :
But first (*Sir Mercury*) I would know
If I may see 'um nak'd or no :
For womens chief perfections do
Lye underneath their cloths below,
Which they must either naked show,
And strip themselves from top to toe,
And ev'ry Goddess lay her tail
As bare, and naked as my nail,
That I may see out of the case,
All things as well as hands as face ;
Or I shall never be so wise,
Where I can have no use of eyes,
With Justice to award the prize.

Merc. Why thou art *Dominus factotum*,
And may'st at will unpetticoat 'um.

Paris. Why then, if I may rule the roast,
I affect naked women most,
And therefore *Merc'ry* so present 'um,
I may see all that *Jove* has sent 'um.

Merc. Come Ladies, blanch you to your skins,
'Tis but a penance for your sins,

And

And what you are oblig'd to do ;
 Your Governour will have it so.
 And whilst your Judge with learing eyes
 Into each chink and cranny pries,
 Of all your curiosities,
 I'll be so civil, or so wise,
 Least any mischief should arise,
 To turn my back, which is of all
 Respects the most unnatural ;
 And whilst your treasures you display,
 Turn my Calves-head another way.

Venus. Why an't be for your Worships ease,
 You may e'en do so if you please :
 But otherwise (my modest *Don*)
 Some here can abide looking on,
 And though you are a nimble one,
 Let our apparel but alone,
 And there is nothing I dare say,
 Your modesty can steal away.
 In the mean time Gramercy *Paris* !
 He loves I see that play that fair is,
 And most judiciously has spoken ;
 He will not *buy a Pig a poke in* :

But

But wisely will bring all things out,
 And see within doors, and without,
 And I will shew thee such a fight,
 That if thou hast an appetite,
 And art indeed a true bred Cock,
 When I pull off my Cambrick Smock,
 Shall make thee glory in thy being,
 And blest *Jove* for thy sense of Seeing:
 Thou'lt then see I not only have
 Eyes, cheeks, and lips, that can enslave,
 And outward beauties (or else some lye)
 As captivating, and as comely,
 As either *Juno's* here, or hers,
 Who stand my fair *Competitors* :
 But such a skin so smooth and supple,
 Of leggs so white a parting couple,
 Such knees, such thighs, and such a *Bum*,
 And such a, such a *Modicum*,
 Shall make thy melting mouth to water,
 Perhaps by fits for seav'n years after.

Pal. Take heed (*young Paris*) thou'rt a *Novice*,
 And that the cunning *Dame* of Love is ;

Look

Look not upon her, 'tis not best,
 Until she have put off her *Cest*;
 For she's a *Sorcerefs*, and carries
 Enchantments in it, *Monsieur Paris*.
 She's nought but treachery and treason,
 Nor to say truly is it reason,
 Now that her *Beauty*'s brought to th' test,
 That she should come so finely drest,
 Like a patch't *Minx*, and painted Whore:
 But when she comes her *Judge* before,
 As she came into th' world, I take it,
 Should appear open, plain, and naked,
 Stript of her pouncings, and devices,
 Her shifts, her tricks, and artifices.

Paris. Troth she speaks reason, come lay by
 That tawdry *Girdle* presently.

Venus. Make her her *Helmet* then lay by,
 She shall be strip't as well as I,
 There's no enchantment in my *Cest*:
 But that same *Cask* has such a *Crest*,
 As is enough to look on it,
 To fright a Shepherd out on's wit.

Sure

Sure she's afraid that her blew eyes
 Want power to obtain the prize,
 And if she finds they cannot do't,
 She means to fright, or beat thee to't,
 And I commend her wisdom truly,
 For her blew eyes will come off blewly.

Pallas. No, I as thee as soon will strip,
 And for to please your *Ladiship*,
 There lies the over-awing *Crest*.

Venus. 'Tis very brave, and there's my *Cest*.

Juno. Fie, what a tedious work you make it,
 Let's strip, I long to be stark naked;
 And now we naked are (*Sir Paris*)
 Consider pray which the most fair is.

Paris. I marry here's a sight worth seeing,
 Though one had spent's estate in seeing.
 Oh what rare flesh, what excellencies
 What dainty, Super-dainty wenches,
 What a brave Lass is Madam *Pall*!
 What state does *Juno* move withal!
 By which 'tis evident they are,
 Daughter and Wife to *Jupiter*.

L

But

But *Venus* is indeed a Pearl;
 Did ever man see such a Girl?
 Oh what a lovely face is there!
 What crisped locks of Amber hair!
 What a white neck! what *Breasts*! what shoulders!
 Belly! and Back to catch beholders!
 What hips! what haunches! what care thighs!
 Enough to make the dead to rise!
 To which, in love I'me not so simple,
 But to observe she has a dimple,
 And such a one, as who would not
 Put all his flesh into the Pot!
 In fine (as good *Sir Martyn* sayes)
 I have not wit enough to praise
 The several Beauties, and the Graces,
 Adorn them all in all their places.
 The sight whereof's a happiness
 Too great for tongue, or pen t'express:
 Nay, any one of them would be
 Too much for mortal eye to see.
 Yet since the mighty *Jupiter*
 Has my poor Judgment priz'd so far,

As

As simple me a *Judge* to make;
 That in my choice I mayn't mistake,
 And thrust, like over-greedy Sot,
 My Spoon into th'wrong *Porridge-pot*,
 Better to manifest my Art,
 I'll study every one apart,
 And view 'um one by one at leasure,
 (Which also will prolong my pleasure.)
 For in beholding them in *Muster*,
 They do confound me so with lustre,
 I shall my reputation loose,
 And ne're know rightly how to choose.

Venus. Content, my cause I nothing doubt,
 And stare till both thy eyes start out.

Paris. Why then let Madam *Juno* stay,
 She's the best Woman (*by my faith*)
 And whilst her beauties I admire,
 I'll have the other two retire.

Juno. Come on (*Sir Paris*) now survey me,
 And turn me round, as thou wouldst ha' me,
 I'll stand, or lye, as thou dost pray me,
 And *moppe* too, if thou'lt not betray me.

L 2

But

But when thou round about hast ey'd-me,
 High, low, between, and ev'ry side me,
 (Young *Paris*) I would thee advise,
 In loving and in courteous wise,
 To think that thy preferment lies,
 In thy awarding me the prize.
 And though I need not bribe, nor sue,
 For that I know to be my due;
 Yet if thou'lt favour me this day,
 I'll make thee *King of Asia*.

Paris. Troth I am not ambitious *Madam*,
 And as for *Kingdoms* if I had 'um,
 To *King-it* passes my poor skill,
 And I should be a Shepherd still:
 But this the short is, and the long,
 I'll do your *Majesty* no wrong;
 And now I've seen what I desire,
 Ee pleas'd I pray you to retire;
 And send me *Lady Pallas* hither,
 For I can't deal with two together.

Pallas. Here (thou best Judge of best deserts)
 Contemplate on *Minerva's* parts;

I

I hope, or thou deservest whipping,
 Thou wilt give me the *golden Pippin*,
 Which if thou dost (*Youth* mark me well)
 I'll render thee invincible:
 And whether thou with doughty *Knight*,
 Arm'd, or unarm'd, shalt enter flight;
 Nay with a *Gyait*, or an *Ettin*,
 Thou ever shalt be sure to beat him.

Paris. *Lady*, I never did delight in
 This scurvy dang'rous thing, call'd fighting,
 And therefore shall not be a dealer
 In the commodity call'd valour.
 Besides my *Fathers Kingdoms* are
 Quiet (thanks be to *Jove*) from War;
 I with a Taylor play'd indeed
 At *Cudgels*, but he broke my head:
 And have such scurvy luck in Battle,
 I rather had by half tend Cattle:
 But though I'me but a Country peasant,
 I'll not be brib'd with gift, nor present,
 And yet I can't but thank you still
 (Fine *Madam*) for your great good will,

L. 3 Which

Which I so kindly take, I swear,
 My Equity you need not fear :
 For I'll do Justice, right or wrong,
And there's an end of an old Song.
 But to advise you I'll be bold,
 Pray d'on your cloths for taking cold,
 And your steel Cap will do no harm,
 To keep *your learned Headpiece* warm,
 And pray as hence you do go from me,
 Send *Madam Venus* hither to me.

Venus. Here's *Venus* that you call for so ;
 Survey me now from top to toe,
 And if thou find'st when thou hast view'd me,
 Any one wrinkle more than shoo'd be,
 Or if my Bumm have any flaws in't,
 It'll give thee leave to put thy nose in't.
 I'll tell thee without fraud or guile,
 I have, and for no little while,
 (Having tane note of thy desert,
 And what a pretty fellow th'art,
 Thy youth, thy feature, shape, and fashion)
 Had on thee very great compassion,

To

To see thee tending rotten flocks
 Amongst these solitary rocks;
 Great *Cities*, nor *Assemblies* heeding,
 Where young men use to get their breeding :
 But wasting here thy time in Caverns,
 Which would be better spent in *Taverns*.
 What's to be learn't amongst these Groves,
 By still conversing with thy Drovers,
 I prethee say, and do not lye,
 But ignorance, and clownery !
 What pleasure's in this rural life !
 'Tis time that thou had'st got a wife,
 Or which is better a *fine Miss* :
 Not some course *Sun-burnt Trull*, I wis.
 But of fam'd *Argos* some rare piece,
 Of *Corinth*, or some Town in *Greece*,
 Such as the *Spartan Helen* is,
 Her Sexes pride and Masterpiece,
 As handsome *Paris* is of his.
 And who (I know it) is as free,
 Buxome, and amorous as he.

L 4

And

And if the little wanton *Tit*
 But saw thee once, I'm sure of it,
 She would both home and Husband quit
 To follow thee for *dainty Bit* ;
 She would both love and long so fore.
 Did'st never hear of her before ?

Paris. No, never syllable (I vow)
 But very fain would hear it now.

* *Leda.* *Venus.* Why, she is daughter to that * *fair*
 For whom our am'rous *Jupiter*
 Transform'd himself into a *Swan*,
 Her Maiden-head for to trapan.

Paris. And is she wonderfully fair ?

Venus. Why what a Country question's there!
 How should she, canst thou think, be other,
 Having a Swan unto her Mother ?
 Nor is she gross, you may suppose,
 Whom an egg-shell did once enclose.
 Had'st seen her once wrestle a prize
 Naked, as 'tis her Country guise,
 I dare most confidently swear,
 Thou'dst long to try a fall with her.

Already

Already they'r at wars about her,
 For *Thesews* like a boistrous suiter,
 To Spirit her away made bold,
 When she was but poor ten years old,
 A little snotty *Chitterling* ;
 But now she's quite another thing.

A Miracle I do protest,
 Her Beauty with her Age's increast ,
 That she is now the only *Miss*
 Of all the spruce young blades of *Greece*.
 A thousand Suitors all have fought her,
 But *Meneclaus* now has got her ;
 Yet for all that, shew me but favour
 And say the word, and thou shalt have her.

Par. How can I have her (that's a Jeast!)
 When she is married thou sayst ?

Venus Is that a thing to be so wondred ?
 'Tis the least matter of a hundred ;
 For that Man never scratch thy pate,
 I can do greater Feats than that.
 In the mean time (*Sir*) by your leave,
 You'r a meer *Novice* I perceive.

Paris.

Paris. But which way you intend to go
About it (*Madam*) I would know.

Venus. Why the design of it is this,
Thou shalt go travel into *Greece*,
Wherein thy main pretence shall be
Only for curiosity,
To see what thou hast heard the Fame on :
And when thou com'st to *Lacedemon*,
Ere thou'rt well got into thy Inn,
I'me certain that the lovely *Queen*
Will forthwith make her *Hen-peck't Spouse*,
Send to invite thee to his House,
Which is as fair, as fair can be ;
And for the rest leave that to me.

Paris. Why I will try my luck in *Goddle* ;
But it wont sink into my noddle
That such an admirable piece,
The very flower, and pride of *Greece*,
And a great Queen, as that you mean,
Should be so impudent a *Queen*,
To leave her Country, and her *Honey*,
To whom she's join'd in *Matrimony*,

And

And run away with such a one
As I, a stranger, and unknown.

Venus. Why, I confess it something odd is,
But there's the power of a Goddess.
And that's a trick that I defie
Best on 'um all to do but I.
Now I two Sons have you must know,
Which these miraculous feats can do :
Of which the one by Art is able
To make a party amiable,
And th'other has the power to move,
Who sees that loveliness to love.
In order then to this design
I mean to place these Brats of mine,
Who are t'effect this enterprize,
One of them (*Paris*) in thine eyes,
And th'other I'll convey by art
Into fair *Helen's* tender heart :
Which being order'd (by my troth)
The Devil must be in you both,
If what remains, do want fulfilling,
When both of you are made so willing.

But

The Scoffer Scott.

But yet on surer grounds to go
 (For One can't be too sure you know)
 I'll give thee two strings to thy Bow,
 And thou shalt have with thee the *Graces*,
 (Three very pretty little Lasses,
 Who can do much in such like Cases)
 In thy adventure to attend thee,
 Whose Services will much befriend thee;
 For they to grace thee not despising,
 Shall daily wait upon thy rising,
 (And never *Asian Cavaliers*
 Could boast they had such *Chambrieres*)
 Where dressing thee each day, the whiles
 One tricks thy face in winning smiles,
 With greater power to accost her;
 Th'others in such a swimming posture
 Thy arms, and hands, thy leggs, and feet,
 In such a graceful mean shall set,
 As shall if *Nell* have any sence,
 So tickle her *Concupiscence*,
 That she will run the whole world over
 With such a rare accomplish't Lover.

Paris.

The Scoffer Scott.

Par. These are fine promises indeed;
 And though *Jove* knows how I shall speed,
 Yet I'm so ravisht with this geere,
 That I already burn to see'r;
 And you have (*Madam*) set in'ambition
 So hot upon this Expedition,
 That 'ere a man can say what's this,
 Methinks I'm travelling to *Greece*,
 Am come to *Sparta*, safe as may be,
 Have seen, attacqut and won the *Lady*;
 Who having with her *Jewels* lin'd me,
 And being lightly whipt behind me,
 None to our Journey being privy,
 Am posting her to *Troy Tantiwy*,
 All which does in my mind so run,
 That I am mad it is not done.

Venus Soft! do not spur too fast your dapple,
 Till first y've given me the Apple.
 There lies my Service's rewarding,
 That I must have or else no bargain.
 Then give it me, I preethee doe.
 Come, come, thou knowst it is my due,

I

I else shall either fret, and fume, or
 So musty be, and out of humour,
 That the event is to be doubted,
 I't ne're go cheerfully about it.
 And then be sure no good can come,
 For one must never go *Hum-drum*
 About so nice a work as this is;
 But it is mettle carries *Misses*,
 And therefore without more protraction,
 Give me this little satisfaction,
 And (*Paris*) when thou com'st to bedding,
 Oh how I'll trip it at thy wedding.

Paris. Nay, you'r a *Jigger*, we all know;
 But if you should deceive me now!

Venus. Who, I deceive thee! never fear me:
 But if thou art distrustful, swear me.

Paris. No, that security's too common,
 Besides, *Oaths* never bind a woman:
 But (*Madam*) if you can afford
 Once more to promise on your word,
 That I shall have this bonny *Nelly*,
 More of my mind I then shall tell ye.

Venus.

Venus. Why then know all men by these presents,
 That spite of *Princes*, *Courtiers*, *Peasants*,
 And all, both man and woman kind,
 I here my self most firmly bind,
 To give thee *Helen*, pride of *Greece*,
 To be thine own *Lyndabrides*.
 That I will pay down *Sparta's* Spouse
 In the now very dwelling House
 Of *Signior Priam King of Troy*,
 And then (*Sir Paris*) give you joy.
 Nay, I do bind my self beside,
 To be in person mine thy Guide,
 And will (since thy Wit won't suffice)
 Carry on the whole enterprize.

Paris. You my request are gone beyond,
 I (*Madam*) did demand no Bond.
 And will you bring your *Cupids* too,
 (My lovely *Dame*) along with you?

Venus. Pish! never doubt it man! I'll do't,
Desire, and *Hymen* too to boot.

Paris. Then call the others in that went hence,
 That I may now proceed to Sentence.

Fair

Fair Goddesses I pray draw near,
Jupiter has imploy'd me here,
 In such a very nice affair,
 So much indeed against the hair,
 That had his *Majesty* thought fit
 To have exempted me from it,
 I would have given (or I'm a Knave)
 A score of the best *Ems* I have :
 But since he's pleas'd to have it so,
 I must perforce obey you know;
 Yet ere I do pronounce the Sentence,
 Let me upon this small acquaintance,
 Entreat the losers to be civil,
 And at my hands not take it evil
 If I Like one above the rest,
 I cannot help it I protest.

Here is a Golden Apple here,
 Which must be thought such price to bear
 (Through cunning o'th' malicious * Donor)
 That none forsooth must be the owner,
 But she who is the fairest fair ;
 When from my heart, I vow and swear,

And

* The
 Goddess
 Discor-
 dia.

And without fraud, or flattery,
 There is not one of all you three,
 For whom a Bushel's not too few,
 Had but your Beauties half their due.
 Which Beauties (gentle *Madams*) I
 Consider'd have impartially,
 And find them all so excellent,
 That truly I could be content,
 Were it consistent with my duty,
 To give to each the prize of Beauty :
 But I am ty'd, when all is done,
 T'award it only unto one.
 Now *Venus* being in those parts,
 Which have the greatest pow'r o're hearts,
 The most exactly shap't of all,
 I judge to her the Golden Ball.

Juno. Learnedly spoke, I had not car'd
 If *Pallas* here had been prefer'd ;
 But to bestow it on that *Trapes*,
 It mads me !

Pallas. Hang him Jack an-apes.

M

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Mars and Mercury.

Mars. **H**Ast heard o'th' loud *Rhodomontade*
 That t'other day *Jupiter* made?
 Which was, that if we on this fashion,
 Daily provok't his indignation;
 He would, if anger'd once again,
 From *Heav'n* to *Earth* let down a Chain,
 With which he up to him would hale
 Mankind, the Elements, and all,
 With such a mighty strength, that though
 We all had hold of it below,
 And pull'd to stay't, we could not doo't,
 But he would pull us up to boot.
 Now I must needs confess, no one
 Of all us Deities alone,
 Is able near, unless he list,
 To grapple with his Mutton-fist:
 And he will lose, whoever vies
 With him at any Exercise:

Eut

But to imagine, that all we
 So brave a jolly Company,
 Joyn'd altogether, should not be
 As strong, nay stronger far than he,
 In truth, in him I do conceive it
 An arrogancy to believe it,
 And vanity devoid of wit,
 So openly to publish it.
 And yet for all his mighty vaunting,
 His domineering, and his ranting,
 All of the Gods, and I and you know,
 When *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and *Queen Juno*,
 By combination had trapan'd him,
 And had intended to have chain'd him;
 He'd much ado, though his strength such is,
 To disengage him from their clutches.
 Nor had he done it for all that
 (Though now he vapour can and prate)
 For all his striving, and his strugling,
 His writhing, wrigling, and his jugling,
 Nor all his strength, which now so great is;
 Had not his old friend, *Madam Thetis*,

M 2

In

In time of danger sent him there,
Briareus the *Hot-cockle* player,
 With a whole hundred Cluster-fists
 To disengage him from the Lifts.
 And by my faith he came in season
 To rescue him from the High-treason,
 Or else with this my huffing *Don*,
 I know not how it would have gone.

Merc. Prethee hanck up thy tongue again,
 And do not give it so much rein.
 These words do make my ears to tingle.
 'Tis well that thou and I are single;
 This language is unsafe, I swear,
 For thee to speak, or me to hear.

Mars. Do'st think I have so little wit
 To talk thus unto all I meet?
 No friend, I wiser am than so,
 I know well whom I speak it to,
 One, who not only has a Talent
 In speaking, but in being silent;
 But should another chance to come
 Of *Mavors*, not a word but *Mum*.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Pan and *Mercury*.

Pan. Good morrow (*Father!*) how dost do?
Mer. Good morrow Son, since t' must be so, }
 But why call'st thou me *Father* trow?
 For to behold those goodly horns,
 That py'd beard, which thy face adorns,
 That single wagging at thy Butt,
 Those *Cambrils*, and that cloven foot,
 Thou do'st much more (not to dissemble)
 A *He-Goat*, than a *God* resemble.

Pan. 'Tis very well! but all this while
 Thou thine own Issue do'st revile,
 And giv'st thy self many fowl Rubs.
 Prethee what's he that gets such *Cubs*?
 For all this handsome shape you see
 Came from my *Father*, and thou'rt he.

Mer. I would thou could'st perswade me to it!
 But thou'lt have much ado to do it.

I'll make much of my self, I'de need,
 If but in reverence to my breed.
 But if thy happy (*Sire*) I am,
 Who the great *Devil* was thy *Dam*?
 Did I not meet with some *Shee-Goat*
 Travelled in a petticoat?
 For never sure did woman bear
 So uncouth a prodigious Heir.

Pan. No (*Father*) I would have thee know't,
 Thou did'st not couple with a *Goat*,
 Th'ast not forgot, yet I dare say,
 How once in fair *Arcadia*
 With beastly lust, and barb'rous power,
 Thou did'st a pretty Maid deflowre!
 What need'st thou bite thy fingers ends,
 I only speak it amongst friends?
 It is *Penelope* I mean.

Merc. I do remember such a *Queen*,
 A pretty *Girl*: but how could she
 Bring out so fowl a Beast as thee,
 More like a Devil than like me?

Pan. Nay, I'me as like my *Dad*, in sooth,
 As he had spit me out on's mouth,

That

That is, as like what then thou we'rt,
 When thou play'dst that uncivil part:
 For then, if th'ast it not forgot,
 Thou turnd'st thy self into a *Goat*
 With a face fowl as any Vizer,
 In policy for to surprize her.

Merc. Yes, I remember, out upon it!
 But troth I am agham'd to own it.

Pan. Faith for the Rape I cannot blame ye;
 But as for me, I shall not shame ye,
 And few there are prefer'd before me:
 For besides that, they do adore me
 All o're *Arcadia*, where possessest
 I am of thousand Flocks at least.
 My qualities have purchast Fame:
 For *Doctor* I of Musick am,
 And more have made my valour known
 In the great field of *Marathon*,
 For which good service the *Athenians*
 Have given me a fine convenience
 Wherein to sit, eat, drink, or snort,
 A *Grotto* underneath their Fort,

M 4

Where

Where thou shalt see, if e're th'com'st thither,
How highly I am honour'd (*Father.*)

Merc. What art thou marry'd?

Pan. No not yet,
I hitherto have had more wit.

Merc. I wonder at it not, in truth,
For who'd have such a sweet fac't youth?

Pan. Pish! had I nothing else to do,
(*Father*) I could have Wives enow,
And therefore that's a vain Objection:
But I've so amorous a Complexion,
And do with love so scald and burn,
One Wife would never serve my turn.

Merc. Thou bugger'st then the Goats I doubt.

Pan. Good words! no I'me not so put too't;
Eccho, and *Pitys*, full of blisses,
Are both content to be my *Misses*,
And all the Rout of *Bacchanals*,
Come with a powder when *Pan* calls.
By which (good *Father*) you may know
I better spend my time than so.

Merc.

Mer. Believ't they'r wond'rous kind to thee,
And 'tis no wonder though they be,
Th'ast such a charming *Phisnomy*.

But I have a request unto thee
Will do me good, and no harm do thee,
It is so small; which is, that seeing
I was so blest to give thee being,
Thou in return wilt be so civil
As not to pay my good with evil,
But wherefoe're we chance to meet
In house, or field, or in the street,
So oft as we shall come together
Thou do forbear to call me *Father*;
For not to mince the verity,
I'me damnably asham'd of thee:
But for this once shake hands and part,
And so farewell with all my heart.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Apollo and Bacchus.

Apollo. **W**Ho'd think that such a *Jack-an-*
ape as

Cupid, the mighty Tool'd *Priapus*,
And *Androginus*, of all others
Should all of the same womb be brothers,
Being so much unlike in feature,
In humor, and in shape, and stature.
For once a little *Goddikin*,
No bigger then a *Skittle-pin*,
Yet little as he is can scare-us,
If he once takes his Bow and Arrows,
And of the other two, the latter
Can make nor Man's, nor Maiden's water,
The t'other somewhere is more tall
By handfulls, than the best on's all.

Bacchus. Why this diversity each gathers,
From the variety of Fathers,
Though every day indeed presents
As great and strange a difference,

Ev'n

Ev'n amongst those who had no other
But the same Father, and same Mother.

Apollo. Yet 'tis quite otherwise you see
Betwixt my Sister *Die* and me,
Who the same vertues have, and vices,
And follow the same exercises.

Bacchus. But that mad Hack in petticoats,
In *Scythia's* busie cutting throats,
Whilst thou dost men of money fleece,
With giving *Physick* here in *Greece*,
And pray what *Sympathy's* in this?

Apollo. Why *Bacchus* dost thou think that she
Takes a delight in cruelty,
In hearing blood in throats to rattle,
Like liquor from a strait-mouth'd Bottle?
Alas, she only does it, she
Meerly out of complacency,
T'accommodate her self t'th' fashion,
And humor of that barbarous Nation;
At which she takes so great offence,
That she but waits to steal from thence,
When any *Grecian* ship comes thither,
To take her in, and bring her hither.

Bacchus.

Bacchus. Why truly then I do commend her,
 And a good gale of wind *Jove* send her.
 In the mean time I needs must tell you
Priapus is a beastly fellow :
 For (no one being by but us)
 Calling at's house at *Lampsacus*,
 After we'd eaten well, and much,
 And quaff't it smartly *apsy-Dutch*,
 It being pretty coldish weather,
 He needs would have us lye together ;
 And so we did, when in the Night,
 When least (I swear) I dream't of it,
 Betwixt some twelve and one a Clock,
 He tilts his *Tantrum* at my *Nock*,
 Till with extremity of pain
 He plainly made me roar again.

Apollo. A very edifying story !
 And what did you, whil'st he did bore ye ?

Bac. What should I do, but make the best on't,
 I only laught, and made a jeast on't.

Ap. Some would perhaps have kept a puther:
 But thou I think could'st do no other,

But

But put on patience, and lye still.
 Alas ! he did it in good will,
 And it had been ill nature in thee
 When he good meat and drink had g'in thee,
 For to grudge him who fed thee *gratis*,
 So small a courtesie as that is.
 Besides, he great temptations had ;
 For thou'rt a pretty smock-fac't Lad.

Bacchus. But yet o'th' two (my friend *Apollo*)
 Thou art by much the prettier fellow,
 And therefore if he once make suit t'ee
 To lye in's house, faith look about ye.

Apol. Well ! well ! but he were best take heed
 How he attaques my *Maiden-head*.
 His mighty *Trap-stick* cannot scare-us ;
 For we have good Yew-bow, and Arrows,
 As well as a white Wig to tempt him,
 And if he draw, he will repent him.
 Besides, I'me so set round with light,
 And am withal so quick of sight,
 That much I do not need to fear,
 To be surprized in my Rear.

DIALOGUE.

D I A L O G U E.

Mercury, and his Mother *Maya*.

Merc. **B**Estow your counsel on some other,
 'Tis labor lost on me (good Mother)
 For e're I'll lead the life I do,
 And be this *Drudge*, I tell you true,
 And so I'll tell old *Father Lasher*,
 I am resolv'd I'll e'en turn *Thrasher*.
 S'fish! I'm a slave, a pack-horse made,
 Would I'd been *Prentice* to a Trade;
 Or bred up with some honest *Farmer*,
 Who would have clad me perhaps warmer,
 Though not so fine, and giv'n me rest,
 And not have work't me like a Beast?
 A God Quotha! No Deity
 Was ever sure so us'd as I:
 But e're this life I'll longer lead,
 I'll stroll for *Lower*, or begg my bread,

And

And run, nay fly, let who will hear me,
 Far as my leggs, or wings will bear me.

Maya. Nay prethee Son, govern thy passion,
 And do not talk of this wild fashion.

Merc. Why should I not speak out (forsooth)
 So long as I speak nought but truth?
 Tut! tut! I scorn to mince the matter;
 I was not bred to lye, and flatter,
 And being abus'd thus I must speak,
 And ease my heart, or it will break.
 I speak no Treason. Have I not
 Very good reason to find fault,
 When *Jupiter* does force on me
 More work, more toyl, and drudgery
 (Which, Mother, cannot be deny'd)
 Than upon all the Gods beside?
 First, I by spring of day must come
 To wash, and rub the dining Room,
 (Which does not always smell of Amber:)
 Next, I must clean the *Council Chamber*,
 And dust the *Wool-packs*; after that
 I must go dress the *Rooms of State*,

Brush

Brush Cushions, Chairs, and foot-Cloaths too,
 (Which takes up no small time to do:)
 Nay, all this yet will not suffice,
 But I must sweep the *Galleries*,
 Though others are more fit to do't,
 The *Lobby's*, and *back Stairs* to boot;
 Then having swept my face of fat,
 Powder'd, and put on clean *Cravat*,
 I must i'th' Anti-chamber wait
Jupiter's rising, to receive
 Such orders as he is pleas'd to give.
 (Which ever num'rous are no doubt)
 And then must carry them about,
 Work that requires a supple Ham.
 Then *Steward* I o'th' *Household* am,
 Yes, and Cup-bearer too, at least
 As often as he makes a Feast,
 And had that office ev'ry day
 Till *Ganimede* came into play.
 But all this work is nothing yet,
 And I could well away with it:

But

But that with which I'me most oppress'd,
 Is that at night, when all's releas'd,
 And every one goes to his rest,
 No one but me employ he can
 To convoy a great *Caravan*
 Of pale-fac't dead folks unto *Hell*;
 Company that i'th' Night might well
 The stoutest *God* in *Heav'n* daunt.
 Where also before *Rhadamant*
 I must indite and prosecute 'um,
 Which e're by Law we can confute 'um,
 Repeating every little Crime,
 Does take up such a world of time,
 The day is ready for to peep in:
 And then what time have I to sleep in?
 And yet all this, this *Jupiter*
 Whom I have serv'd so many year
 (Wherein h'as had good service on me)
 The conscience has to impose upon me,
 As not enough employ'd I were
 In being *Serjeant*, *Orator*,
Cup-bearer, *Wrestler*, and *what not*,
 But I must on these errands trot,

N

To

To be deprived of the rest
 Mortals allow to every Beast.
Castor and *Pollux* each one knows,
 By turns are suffer'd to repose.
 But I am tofs't like *Tennis-ball*,
 And am allow'd no rest at all.
 But am dispatch't both Morn and Even,
 From *Heav'n* to Earth, from Earth to *Heaven*:
 Whilst *Bacchus* here, and *Hercules*,
 Who are no Sons of *Goddesses*
 As I am, but more meanly born
 Of wretched Mortals, and forlorn,
 At great *Jove's* board in feast and play,
 Merrily pass the time away.
 I need had of a Horse to ride on,
 For I'me but just now come from *Sidon*,
 Where I have with *Europa* bin;
 But I am sent away again
 To *Argos* with another How-d'ee
 To *Danae* a wretched *Dowdy*,
 When I am almost spent I vow t'ee.

Nay

Nay more than that, I must, they say,
 Make too *Bæotia* in my way
 To visit there *Antiopa*.
 But flatly I've refus'd to do it;
 For (Mother) I'll not melt my Suet
 For no good words that can be given,
 Nor ne're a *Jupiter* in Heaven.
 And though ('tis true) he keeps me brave,
 On's service I such comfort have,
 I sometimes would be sold a slave,
 And run the risque of all disaster,
 Fall what fall can to change my Master.

Maya. Come prethee moderate thy passion,
 These are but words of indignation,
 I'll have no talk of parting neither.
 What! what! you must obey your Father,
 And never think he does you wrong:
 You must take pains too whil'st y'are young,
 And do what're he bids you do,
 And fear not you'll have Sons enow,
 When you are old to work for you.
 I prethee then no longer stand,
 But go, and execute's command.

N 2

I know he's cholerick if thwarted,
 And to be apt to be transported.
Love too is such an odd disease,
 That Lovers are most hard to please;
 Will always have their own fond wayes,
 And are impatient of Delayes.

D I A L O G U E.

Jupiter and Sol.

J. **W**hy thou unlucky senseless fool,
 Thou Dunce, thou Loggerhead, thou
 Owl!

Th'ast made fine work here, hast thou not?

To go and trust thy *Chariot*

With a young giddy hair-brain'd Sot,

Who, unto thy eternal shame,

One half o' th' world has set on flame;

And (which to think on't makes me shudder)

So hard has frozen up the other,

That if I had not knock't him down

With a good rap upon his crown,

And turn'd him topsie-turvy under,

With a good rattling clap of Thunder,

At

At the mad rate that he was driving,
 He had destroy'd all Creatures living,
 And all mankind, had he on posted,
 Had either frozen been, or roasted,
 And then you'd made (I hope you'll grant)
 A pretty piece of business on't.

Sol. Oh *Jupiter*, I guilty am,
 Yea, inexcusably too blame,
 And without mercy am undone
 For my indulgence to a Son,
 I could not for my heart deny.
 And then to see a * *Mistress* cry,
 And tears run trickling down her face,
 Would even have mov'd a heart of brass.
 'Twas that that did my Reason charm,
 But (as I'm here) I thought no harm.

* *Clymene*

Jup. No harm! how dar'st thou tell me so?
 Did'st not thy *Horses* fury know?

What hast thou been my *Charioteer*

So many hundred thousand year;

Yet that thou know'st not, now canst swear,

What fiery head strong *Fades* they were?

N 3

Yes

Yes (*Sirrah*) you knew well enough
 How hard to rule they were, and rough,
 And that they would do more than trot,
 If bridle once in teeth they got ;
 And that if once they got a foot,
 Much more a wheel out of the *Rut*,
 All would be lost ; you knew all this,
 And yet for your *Lyndabrides*,
 To humor her (forsooth) you must
 Like a damn'd *Rogue* betray your trust,
 Endanger all the world, and set
 A *Novice* in that dang'rous seat,
 Who to drive *Topps* was fitter far,
 Than guide the Day's triumphant *Carr*.

Sol. I must confess (as your *Grace* says)
 I knew the *Fades* were *Runaways*,
 And therefore did the wilful *Ass*
 With my own hands i'th' *Coach-box* place,
 Taught him the Reins to draw, and slip,
 And shew'd him how to hold his whip,
 Taught him the right *Poppysma* too,
 Which both the *Horses* full well knew,

And

And my own hold before I quitted,
 No one instruction I omitted
 That I conceiv'd was necessary.
 Assur'd then he could not miscarry,
 I left him to himself, and bid him
Touchez monfils, and so good speed him.
 He crack't his whip o're the mad *Cattle*,
 The *Chariot* wheels began to rattle,
 And through the *Eastern-gate* they run :
 But my fool-hardy, awkward Son,
 So ill (*no worth the time I got him*)
 Retain'd the *Lessons* I had taught him,
 That he had scarce, it should appear,
 A furlong got in his *Cariere*,
 When th' *Stallions*, with the flaming Mains,
 Finding by slackness of the Reins
 They'd got another *Charioteer*,
 Away they strain'd in wild *Cariere*,
 And left the *Road*, which had they kept,
 Although the wind they had out-strip't
 In speed, yet running the right way,
 'Twould but have made a shorter day :

N 4

But

But the rash *Boy* amaz'd with light,
 And dizzy at the fearful sight
 Of the *Abyss* he saw below him,
 Both Whip and Reins he streight cast fro him,
 And by the Coach-box held him fast,
 'Till thou in wrath gav'st him his last.

So for his temerarious action
 My *Boy* has paid full satisfaction,
 And in his loss I think that I
 Too punish't am sufficiently.

Jup. He, I confess, has had his payment,
 But thou who wert the most too blame in't,
 Deserv'st at least to be strappado'd,
 Nay, flead alive, and carbonado'd:
 But I to mercy encline rather,
 And pardon an indulgent Father,
 On this condition (nevertheless)
 Thou never so again transgress.
 For if thou do'st (thou *Rascal* thou)
 I'll make thee both to feel, and know,
 That this same *Thunder* which I handle,
 Is hotter than your *farthing Candle*.

In

In the mean time this I'll do for ye,
 Because I see thou art so sorry,
 I will that *Phaetons* Sisters go
 Enterr him on the Banks of *Po*,
 Just where he fell, and for their Guerdon,
 I'll do a thing was never heard on:
 Transform 'um into *Poplars* all,
 From whom a certain *Gum* shall fall,
 To imitate the tears they shed
 Over the hair-brain'd *Logger-head*.
 As to the rest it fits thy care
 Thy broken *Waggon* to repair,
 Which will require rightly to do it,
 A *Carpenter*, and *Wheel-wright* to it.
 For first the *Carriage* is broken,
 And one o'th' Wheels has ne're a spoke on,
 The *Harness* too so much amiss is,
 'Tis torn in twenty thousand pieces.
 But as to that I to befriend thee,
 A special *Cobler* streight will send thee,
 And when th'ast got thy tackle mended,
 Begin a new where thy Son ended.

But

But now they've learn't a resty trick,
 The *Fades* no doubt will frisk and kick,
 As they were new again to break,
 And may endanger too thy neck,
 I promise ye I mainly doubt ye,
 And therefore (*Sirrah*) look about ye.

D I A L O G U E.

Apollo and Mercury.

Apol. I'me so confounded with this pair,
 This *Castor*, and this *Pollux* here,
 This brace of *Gignets*, that one *Brother*
 I'me still mistaking for the other,
 Which puts me out of Count'nance so,
 I know not what to say, or do.
 For they'r so like, that when I meet 'um,
 And with respect would kindly greet 'um,
Servant Don Castor, streight cry I:
 I'me *Pollux*, cries he-by and by.
 Then presently my self I flatter,
 The next time sure to mend the matter,

When

When meeting one of 'um alone,
 What *Monsieur Pollux*, and go on,
 I'me proud to be your Servant known,
 And then 'tis *Castor* ten to one.
 Now though herein there ever is
 As much to hit as there's to miss,
 Yet o'th' wrong name I alwayes light,
 And never yet was in the right.
 If thou can'st give me then some mark
 Particular to either *Spark*,
 That I may one from t'other know,
 I prethee (honest *Merc'ry*) do.
Merc. Why that you yesterday embrac't here,
 When we together were, was *Castor*.
Ap. But how can'st know him from his *Brother*,
 When they'r so like to one another.
Merc. Why *Pollux* is so giv'n to huffing,
 His face still's black and blew with cuffing:
 And to be more particular,
 His left cheek wears a noted scar
 Of a good wherrit *Bebrix* gave him,
 Which over-board no doubt had drave him,
 Had not friend *Jason* stept to save him.

Which

Which *Recumbendibus* he got
By being of an *Argonaut*,
When *Jason* failed into *Greece*,
To steal away the *Golden Fleece*.

Apollo. Gramercy faith, I'll swear a Book on,
Thou hast oblig'd me by this token.

For which was which I ne'er could tell,
But seeing each with his half shell,
His white horse, Javelin, and his Star,
To me the same they alwayes were,
And I, when I would seem well bred,
Did still confound 'um, as I said:
But since I'm so beholding to thee,
Resolve me one thing more I prethee;
And tell me why these brothers never
Are to be seen in Heav'n together.

Merc. Why you must know that *Jupiter*
Upon the hatching of this pair,
These Twins of *Læda* fair, decreed
(I think for to preserve the Breed)
That one the Destinies should curtal,
But th'other be ordain'd immortal:

Which

Which known to them, as well as others,
They, like two very loving Brothers,
By an affection very rare,
The good and ill alike would share.
Thus when one dies, the other mourns,
And so they live, and dye by turns.

Apollo. 'Tis sign of very good condition,
But 'tis a friendship sans fruition;
For in this manner neither Brother
Can ever see, or speak to th'other:
But of what Calling are these *Blades*?
For we have all of us our *Trades*.
I am a *Prophet* and *Musitian*,
My * Son's a special good *Physitian*,
My Sister plays the *Midwife's* part,
And thou a famous *Wrestler* art.

Are these two good for nought do'st think,
But only for to eat, and drink?

Merc. O yes I promise ye, their Stars
Propitious are to *Mariners*,
And save 'um oft, when to ones thinking
They even are as good as sinking.

Apollo.

* *Æsculapius*.

Apollo. A charitable good vocation;
 I wish them nigh when I've occasion.
 Good *Sea-men*, say't thou (*Merc'ry*) marry,
 A Calling very necessary,
 And will (no doubt) when men are Sea-sick,
 Do 'um more good by half than Phyfick.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

AND now (*my Masters*) rest you merry,
 I doubt both you and I are weary,
 Else I should very much admire;
 Such trumpery a Dogg would tire.
 Yet in the precious Age we live in,
 Most people are so lewdly given,
 Course Hempen trash is sooner read,
 Than Poems of a finer thread.
 Which made our Author wisely choose
 To dizen up his dirty Muse
 In such an odd fantastick weed,
 As ev'ry one he knew would read.
 Yet is he wise enough to know
 His Muse however sings too low,
 (Though warbling in the newest fashion)
 To work a work of Reformation,
 And so writ this (to tell you true)
 To please himself as well as you.

Yet

Epilogue.

*Yet if (beyond his expectation)
This shall be grac't with acceptation,
Like others much of the same fashion,
Which all have had your approbation;
The Rhymers will so kindly take it,
That he his Bus'ness then will make it
No more thus sawcily to scoff ye,
But something bring more worthy of ye.
In the mean time he bids me say,
If you'l not hiss this Puppet-play,
He'l do what ne're was done by any,
And raise the † dead to entertain ye.*

† Lucian's
Dialogues
of the
dead.

FINIS.

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